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THE NATION

December 27, 1965 . . 35c

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General Hershey's Big Stick

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Cops, Guns & Homicides Sol Rubin

The Good Grief . . . . Jessica Mitford

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LETTERS

The Negro family

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs: William Ryan's article "Savage Discovery: The Moynihan Report" [*The Nation*, Nov. 22] . . . is credible because of his extensive training in the fields of psychiatry and community relations. Unlike many journalists, he does not merely gobble up governmental reports blindly. Unlike many publishers, your magazine does not use contributors merely because they have a degree from a school of journalism or because their views coincide with the country's dominant political demeanor. Both Mr. Ryan and you deserve praise for presenting an article which questions the abuse of social research methodology.

William D. Cabin
Editor, The Pitt News
University of Pittsburgh

New York City

Dear Sirs: For the sake of discussion, one should, I suppose, assume that William Ryan actually read "The Moynihan Report" before writing his article. But if he did, the only charitable thing to say of his article is that he was so intent on making a "Savage Discovery" of his own that he manages to distort its import beyond all recognition.

He claims that the report "encourages (no doubt unintentionally) a new form of subtle racism." Since Dr. Ryan lays such a stress on hard data, one would like to know just what evidence he has for this statement. He claims that the report "seduces the reader into believing it is not racism and discrimination but the weaknesses and defects of the Negro himself that account for the present status of inequality between Negro and white." There is not a word in the report which would support this kind of conclusion; the report makes perfectly clear that the pathology of the Negro family stems directly from racism and discrimination, both in the past and *present*.

Dr. Ryan also claims that the report "allows the reader to make the cause-and-effect connection on the basis of his own prejudice. Little or no actual cause-and-effect data is presented." This kind of statement reminds one of the line taken by cigarette manufacturers: no one has *proved* that cigarettes cause lung cancer, only that there is a correlation between smoking and lung cancer. . . . Finally, Dr. Ryan claims that the report "singles out the 'unstable Negro family' as the cause of Negro inequality." The report does nothing of the kind. Its point is just the opposite: Negro inequality is the cause of the unstable Negro family.

Dr. Ryan is worried that we will persist "in creating a new set of myths to justify the *status quo*." I wish he was equally worried about the possibility that social scientists like himself will persist in hanging on to an old set of myths. His old myth, I would suggest, is that if we put an end to discrimination, everything else will more or less take care of itself. To be sure, he mentions the possibility of lingering damage, but he does not see that unless this damage is repaired *while discrimination is being ended*, the Negro may simply continue to be a victim indefinitely. . . .

Daniel Callahan
Associate Editor
Commonweal

Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs: May I urge, first, that Mr. Callahan and others, give up this boring and childish ritual of beginning with peevish questions about whether the other guy read the book? Why the hell would I—or anyone—go to the trouble of writing an article about an unread document? Now, briefly, to some of the substance:

1. Does the Moynihan Report encourage racism? It does so by giving ammunition to biased people. See Theodore White's Harlem Riot chapter, with its offensive discussion of "biological anarchy" and "zoological tenements" in Negro slums — drawn, obviously, from the report. See Holmes Alexander's discussions of the report, particularly his October 11 syndicated column, where he talks about "family structures that resemble harems more than marriages." Further references on request.

(Parenthetically, in response to other criticism, I have no reason to consider Dr. Moynihan himself any variety of racist or to doubt the compassionate nature of his intention. In this connection, I refer the reader to Moynihan's articles in the current *Daedalus* and in *America*, Sept. 18, as probably a more accurate statement of his own position.)

2. Does the report point to family instability as a cause of inequality? If it doesn't then others, as well as I, have misread. See, for example, Mr. Callahan's own magazine, *Commonweal* of Oct. 15, in which Herbert Gans summarized "the two major themes of the report, that Negroes must be given real equality, and that, because of the deterioration of the family, they are presently incapable of achieving it."

3. Do I try to "explain away uncom-

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The Nation, Dec. 27, 1965, Vol. 201, No. 22

The Nation is published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1965 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y., 10014. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest and the Public Affairs Information Service.

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Ghouls, Ghosts and the GOP

Girding itself for 1966, the GOP is faced with two issues—one internal (the John Birch Society), one external (the Vietnam war). These are matters of principle, which politicians observe when it serves their purposes; they are also weights in the balance of the national vote. If the Republican leadership were thinking clearly, it would put its boot to the Birchites and cry for an end to the killing. Eisenhower, after all, made it to the White House by promising to end the war in Korea (and stayed there by ending it). But in the devious course of its descent to oblivion, the GOP is doing exactly the reverse.

On right-wing extremism it started off bravely, naming names. Sen. Thruston Morton denounced the John Birch Society as a group in the same class with the Communists or the Ku Klux Klan. Governor Robert Smylie of Idaho was another crusader. But then the high command had second thoughts. Robert Welch could be castigated, but not the Society. The GOP coordinating committee put out a safe, general statement against extremism. If the Birchites felt the shoe fitted, they could put it on. They didn't. Instead, they ran big ads in the major newspapers on the day of the coordinating committee's meeting, calling attention to their unmatched anti-communism. The Society's spokesman, John Rousselot, said it was a splendid statement. His gratification was understandable.

Little attempt was made to conceal the reason for the party's backing away from the earlier vehemence of some of its leaders. The reason was money. Gen. Lucius D. Clay, the head money-raiser, is miserable and, according to some reports, has been threatening to quit. The fact is that the Birch brand of politics is more attractive to many potential big contributors than moderate Republicanism, and by avoiding an outright condemnation and crying for unity the party hopes to keep its hand in their pockets.

The same ethical splendor shines in the GOP stand on Vietnam. Everybody knows by now that, barring a small miracle, the war is going to be the big issue of the 1966 elections. It is a dirty war and the Republicans are making it a dirty issue. They are warning the Johnson Administration against getting the country into "an endless, Korean-type jungle war," and at the same time shoving Mr. Johnson into precisely that kind of conflict. They want him to bomb Haiphong and Hanoi, establish a blockade, impose economic sanctions against allied nations that are shipping contraband to North Vietnam, declare war, etc. If Mr. Johnson takes these measures, and the war still goes badly, they will denounce him for not winning it. If he refrains, he will be accused of shamefully wasting the lives of American boys. They will tell the American people that if only Mr. Johnson had used the Navy and the Air Force with greater resolution the war would long since have been won. Johnson will find himself accused of not doing what Goldwater would have done (although he has been an agile and compliant disciple) and a certain number of voters, especially those with friends and relatives in the Vietnam hell hole—or just sorry for the victims in uniform—will fall for it. Or so, at any rate, the GOP strategists hope.

To Senator Dirksen, the GOP has finally driven off "the ghost of extremism." But it is not so; the ghost is still there, and the more ghoulish the party becomes, the more closely the ghost will haunt it. It is clear already that a decent, principled stand, a call for a cease-fire, for instance, is not to be expected from the Republicans; or, at the moment, from many Democrats.

Peace and Protestantism

The war in Vietnam is merely the latest—but one of the ugliest—episodes in the cold war. John Foster Dulles, who helped set the cold war in motion, was a power in the Federal Council of Churches and, ironically, from 1941 to 1947 chairman of its Commission on a Just and Enduring Peace. Later, Dulles served as arbiter on international affairs for the National Council of Churches, successor to the Federal Council and the most important Protestant organization in the United States. The National Council was one of Dulles' principal forums for the strategy of keeping the peace by threatening war.

Now a change is taking place in the Council, and the prime mover in that development is a man with antecedents as respectable as those of Dulles—Dr. Arthur S. Flemming, a Methodist and a Republican, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare under President Eisenhower, and currently president of the University of Oregon.

On December 3, the general board of the National Council of Churches, by a vote of 93 to 10 with 6 abstentions, adopted a policy statement and message to the churches on the Vietnam war. "We confront with sorrow," the statement began, "the profound and widespread war-suffering of the Vietnamese people both North and South and others who are involved in the conflict, including personnel in military and other forms of service and families of our own and other nations." Both in words and tone, this preamble should put to shame those professed Christians who are clamoring for a further and even more horrible escalation of the war.

The statement goes on to approve some actions and attitudes of the Johnson Administration and the United Nations — in particular that so far the population centers of North Vietnam have not been bombed. It then calls for a cessation of all bombing of North Vietnam "for a sufficient period to create more favor-

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able circumstances for negotiations to begin and with a simultaneous effort to induce the North Vietnam Government to stop sending military personnel and material into South Vietnam." It asks for a cease-fire agreement (including cessation of terrorist activities) under UN supervision, and names the National Liberation Front as an interested party.

Still another recommendation, among a total of eight, is for a phased withdrawal of all U.S. troops and bases from Vietnamese territory, "if and when they can be replaced by adequate international peacekeeping forces, composed of military contingents capable of maintaining order while the peace settlement is being worked out."

It must be remembered that the purpose of the National Council was to seek a consensus on which all Christians and men of good will generally could agree; further, that the Council, as spokesman for the major Protestant groupings, is a force to be reckoned with. But it remains to be seen to what extent the National Council will succeed in inducing local church groups and affiliates to mobilize behind its recommendations.

The Nation finds the statement admirable, but doubts that a cessation of bombing alone will induce the North Vietnamese and the Chinese to call a halt to hostilities. The United States, with its overwhelming air power, is the stronger party in this conflict. It could well afford to stop the bombing, both north and south, and to call a unilateral cease-fire, with our troops firing only if fired upon. This might not work either, but it would have a much better chance than a mere reversion to the status of last February. The other measure which might have some effect would be for the Catholic Church in the United States to issue an appeal paralleling that of the National Council of Churches. The civil war in Vietnam, into which the United States has now injected itself as the principal belligerent, had its inception in the conflict between the Communist Vietminh and the Catholic minority. Yet it is no more in the interest of American Catholics than American Protestants or American Jews to incur the hatred of a majority of Asians as we use our air power to devastate an Asian country. The National Council has provided a rallying point. Now all men of good will must act; it is probably the last chance before the final inhibition on military force is lifted.

Straws in the Wind

Ours is a peculiarly violent and labile country; our crime rate is the highest in the world, and we have a record of political hysteria dating back to the Haymarket cases and before. Our 20th-century wars have all been followed by mass persecution: the Korean War brought into fastastic power the clownish ax man who held in his hand the names of 157 card-carrying Communists in the State Department. Now, with the rising casualties and rising frustrations in Vietnam, the manic phase is under way once more.

California State Treasurer Bert A. Betts, a normally mild-mannered Democrat, has been calling for expulsion of three University of California students at Berkeley who participated in sit-ins and teach-ins and the firing of faculty members who became associated with such activities. He is among those who now yell "treason" at certain opponents of the Vietnam war. Let the hysteria expand, and it will be surprising if they do not regard all opposition as traitorous.

Draft boards are resorting to reclassification of war dissenters; universal service is now to become a branch of penology (see article by Carl Cohen, p. 520 this issue). A federal judge sentenced David Mitchell, a draft objector, to five years in jail and fined him $5,000 (he is furious because Mitchell's attorney tried to bring the Nuremberg trials into the case). The Justice Department is studying whether leaflets urging American troops in Vietnam not to fight "any more than you have to" (the maxim which most soldiers in all armies follow anyway) involve sedition or treason. And an associate director of the FBI out-Hoovers Hoover by deploring the " 'celebrity status' which has often been accorded those morally and emotionally immature misfits who have cast a shadow of disgrace across the streets of many American communities and the campuses of some of our educational institutions." He lumps them with "racketeers, Communists, narcotics peddlers, filth merchants and others of their ilk. . . ."

"When beats the drum," the proverb says, "laws are dumb."

Hospitals in Storage

The Office of Civil Defense has 2,000 crated hospitals stashed around the country, ready to patch up any citizens who escape incineration in an atomic blast. Only now it appears that they are not all that ready.

Arnold Dodge, head of the OCD's hospital system, announced last week, after completing the first shelf-cleaning in nine years, that $22 million and possibly as much as $50 million worth of drugs and supplies had gone bad and must be thrown away. Some of it had been useless for a long time. So far nobody has benefited, as Sen. William Proxmire recently pointed out, except the drug companies.

That wasn't all the bad news. Dodge also reported that some regular civilian hospitals had "borrowed" supplies from the crated emergency clinics and had never returned the drugs. The taxpayer paid twice: once when he bought the drugs for civil defense, and a second time when he went itno the regular hospital. Oh yes, and one other thing. Twenty million dollars' worth of plasma was lost when doctors feared that it might be tainted and converted it into another supply.

Waste, waste, and the public might as well get used to it. Dodge expects to lose 1 per cent of the supplies each year through spoilage. At present this would mean throwing only $2 million a year into the ashcan,

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but if the civil defense system grows according to his hopes, it will eventually mean discarding an annual $10 million in drugs and supplies.

The Office of Civil Defense is reorganizing its hospital program. At present communities contribute the space for the packaged hospitals, and one change it has in mind is to start paying federal money for rental space. Dodge thinks $100 a month per unit would be a "minimum" to expect, and he foresees that eventually 9,500 hospitals will be stored around the country. That comes to nearly a million a month in rent, ten million a year—enough to *build* half a dozen average hospitals. Every political leech in the country will be trying to rent his barn to the government, and 9,500 of them will succeed.

Your civil defenders have just begun to waste.

Bedside Manner

That black is red is a basic leg of the segregationist syllogism; and, with this in mind, the fast-breaking curve slung off early this month by Edwin Willis, chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, should come as no surprise to anyone who's wondered when HUAC would get around to its real task.

The committee has been "investigating" the operations of the Ku Klux Klan, which is about the same as a neighborhood-improvement association's taking a long, hard look at the church's bingo game: it's obviously immoral, but what the hell.

Mr. Willis told reporter Dom Bonafede, of the New York *Herald Tribune* that he was pleased with the way the Klan hearings were going, and that they "have not only torn the veil of the so-called Invisible Empire but have uncovered strange bedfellows under the sheet." These strange bedfellows he named as Martin Luther King, James Farmer and the Communist Party. "They are all in the same bed opposing the hearing."

When the Klan hearings got under way, it was difficult to see how Willis would be able to get on the right side of the racist tracks. It proved to be no trick at all for the Louisiana Congressman.

Invitation to a Conversation

During the month of December, Poland sent to New York an exhibition of seventeen of its contemporary painters (D'Arcy Galleries) and the United States sent to Warsaw, Cracow, and other towns of their family origin six Congressmen of Polish descent. This exchange is admirable—it fosters a growth of understanding, of tolerance, of affection. The Congressmen represent, naturally enough, Polish-American communities, and these by and large have been almost pathologically anti-Communist; the trip, thus, took some courage on the legislators' part, and they were rewarded by a welcome that clearly moved them.

The art show in New York must also have called for courage on the part of some Polish officials, for the works shown are at the opposite pole of official taste in Communist countries. The exhibition was not very well received here, but that is irrelevant—our critics treated it as they would a show originating anywhere in the West: for its inherent merit and with no political embarrassment.

The guardians of American culture might take heart from this event. We hedge the art we send abroad—and particularly to Eastern Europe—with so many extraneous considerations that almost nothing gets sent. If Winslow Homer were still our most eminent painter there would be no trouble: politicians, curators and the art community could agree that he was a suitable ambassador. But our dominant painting is anti-conformist, anti-establishment, deliberately upsetting. Send it nevertheless. The Poles may admire it, or they may jeer at it. In any case they will learn that the United States is not a chrome laboratory of push-button impersonality, but a nation seeking relevant values and intelligible communication after half a century of violent change. The object of cultural exchange is not that we should be feared or emulated; it is that we should be drawn into a friendly conversation. The Poles—and indeed the nations of Eastern Europe generally—have been quicker than the Americans to grasp this point.

The Best Weapons

Secretary McNamara and the Joint Chiefs of Staff can now relax: a remarkable new strategist has emerged. His qualifications, to be sure, are somewhat out of relation to his self-confidence, but perhaps that is the mark of a great tactician. In any case, the new expert, Mayor Samuel Yorty of Los Angeles, can hardly fare worse than some we have already had in Vietnam. While on a junket to Japan, Mayor Yorty was invited by Pentagon brass to pay Vietnam a visit—on the theory, no doubt, that a man who had managed the race relations of Los Angeles so brilliantly must be qualified to give pointers to our civilian and military aides.

On returning home, the Mayor gave a luncheon in his own honor and there held forth at length on what we should do in Vietnam. We should use "the best weapons," which are, of course, nuclear weapons; but we should not use them on civilians. We should begin to think about "liberating" North Vietnam. We should "stop worrying about world opinion . . . this is not a popularity contest." And we should stop "restraining our fighting men" and "pleading with the Communists" for discussions. As for the protesters and those who dissent from the official Washington line, we should expose them and the "hard-core Communists" behind them. And oh, yes, we should send more troops into Vietnam, right away.

Standing against the backdrop of a huge map of Southeast Asia in the Statler Hilton, before an audience made up exclusively of henchmen and hangers-on, the Mayor, pointer in hand, explained that if Vietnam falls, "all Southeast Asia will fall to the Communists." Maybe those captive listeners accepted Mayor Yorty's recipe for victory with honor, but the odds are strong that they were the only true believers among the vast multitudes of Los Angeles.

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AFL-CIO Convention

STRONG ARM of the STATUS QUO

B. J. Widick

San Francisco

This sixth constitutional convention of the AFL-CIO stands in most respects in marked contrast to the exciting merger meeting in New York City ten years ago. World events and the changing composition of the union movement itself have left a deep imprint on the AFL-CIO.

If there was a single theme at the founding convention it was the promise of unity for organizational gains and social progress. The excitement in 1955 came from the prospect of fusing the spirit and dynamism of the CIO with the revitalized AFL. Vocal concern over the hard-line foreign policies—the rigid anti-communism of President George Meany, under the alleged influence of Jay Lovestone—was muted in the belief that over a period of time the more knowledgeable and sophisticated Reuther brothers would downgrade Lovestone, and give labor a fresh voice with more flexible ideas on the world scene. And soon, the optimists hoped, the fiery Walter Reuther would influence and then replace the elder George Meany.

In 1965, the first two days of the convention were a drumbeat of mobilization behind the policy of unconditional and uncritical support of the Administration's policies abroad. There was total preoccupation with the war in Vietnam, and the reverberations of the escalation overcame all other sounds. Its crescendo was reached in the ovation given Dean Rusk, whose views of world history and current events were expressed as a "good guys versus bad guys" speech. In an encore, Vice President Hubert Humphrey added the flavor of "guns and whipped cream," and assured the delegates that "there isn't a war monger in Washington in high position."

President Johnson phoned a message, the national commander of the American Legion said his piece, as did Alexis Johnson, of the State Department. Finally, President George Meany made a total of four speeches: all on the central point of unreserved support for the Johnson Administration.

Much of this could have been expected, but the intensity of the drive to indicate that the labor hierarchy was behind current foreign policy was somewhat surprising. In this atmosphere there were no doubters, and no room for doubt; no dissenters, and no room for dissent. The convention saw reality with no shades of good or evil; it was a caucus in black and white.

On Monday afternoon, without dissent or discussion, the following policy statement on the Dominican Republic was adopted as part of a resolution on Latin America:

> *However, in Santo Domingo, the leaders of a popular revolution faltered and opened the door for various pro-Communist groups to take over strategic positions from which they could seize power. These totalitarians forthwith began to subvert the popular revolution. . . . After the experience with the Castro-Moscow missile machinations of October, 1962, it was clear that outside intervention in Santo Domingo was urgent in order to overcome the immediate risk of another Cuba-type regime which could become an additional threat to the freedom of the Americas and the peace of the world. Furthermore, the Communist depredations in Santo Domingo have been only part of the widespread campaign of terrorism in Colombia, Guatemala, Peru, and other Latin American countries. It is to the credit of our country that its efforts in the Dominican crisis have been directed toward preventing a military take-over, hastening the restoration of constitutional government, speeding the economic reconstruction, and enabling even the most outspoken political opponents to enjoy full freedom of criticism of U.S. policies.*

Perhaps the clue to this astonishing version of events may be found in Dean Rusk's comments on the close liaison he has enjoyed with President Meany over a number of years. This seems a more logical explanation of the resolution's State Department tone than dismissing AFL-CIO "mistakes" as the handiwork of Jay Lovestone.

For this convention was dominated totally by George Meany, not only in foreign policy but in every important decision down to every replacement in AFL and CIO among the aging leadership. The flavor of the gathering may have been caught by the TV showing of a brief incident which occurred after Dean Rusk's pedestrian assurances on the crisis and the war in Vietnam. A band of about fifty youths in the gallery displayed signs urging peace and debate, and they chanted "Debate, debate," and apparently "Peace" (the booing from the delegates made it difficult to distinguish the words). From the platform President Meany ordered the galleries cleared of what he called "kookies," and the scorn in his voice reflected convention sentiment.

The disdain of President Meany and his colleagues for any variety of peace movement or, more important, for any debate or doubts about foreign policy was indicated by the harsh treatment of Senator Fulbright in a resolution adopted unanimously by the executive board. The resolution also states that "many in the West felt that it would be possible to establish genuine peaceful coexistence through expanded trade and cultural exchanges with the Communist bloc." The AFL-CIO, we are told, "never shared those spurious hopes."

Out of the 928 delegates present in San Francisco, only two important officials had previously indicated serious disagreement with the hard-line official policy. Until the UAW executive board, under the direction of Walter Reuther, adopted a strong resolution of endorsement for President Johnson's policies, the secretary-treasurer of the United Automobile Workers Union, Emil Mazey, had publicly criticized the Dominican Republic. Late in the convention he reminded the assembled brothers that labor had fought hard for the right to disagree and should defend that right for others; he deplored Meany's crass treatment of the Vietnam protesters—and, according to *The New York Times*, received scant applause for his words. Pat Gorman of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butchers was until recently considered a dissenter,

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but he has now rejected any association with critics of foreign policy.

The recent Freedom House policy statement on the war in Vietnam was signed by—among others—Walter P. Reuther, Charles Zimmerman of the ILGWU and Richard Nixon. This is evidence of the pressure for total national unity, and the role of the trade union movement in achieving it. The success of the Johnson Administration in obtaining such unreserved support from the trade unions is a major political achievement. This rich and institutionalized movement becomes not only a bulwark for the Administration but a strong counter force to any criticism from dissenters or doubters in the nation. The decision of the Building and Construction Trades Department to mobilize "a nation-wide series of positive meetings, rallies and publicity campaigns on our country's policies," understandably received specific White House congratulations.

One of the few moments when the convention seemed to be living in the real world as it moves swiftly into a new phase of war escalation came with the speech of A. Philip Randolph, on the civil rights resolution. He warned against the consequences of the drive to slow down and emasculate the Negro thrust for social justice. One wondered what will happen when this old warrior leaves the executive council. The NAACP had sent a telegram urging more new Negro leaders in the top structure of the union movement, but who will they be and where will they come from?

Macpherson, Toronto Star

"P.S. Nobody Likes the War but it's Good for Business"

The mood of the convention, as it concerned itself with narrow trade union matters, was one of self-satisfaction. President Meany's report pointed out that "The AFL-CIO membership shows an increase of 430,000 between 1955 and the average for the two-year period ending September 30, 1965. The actual increase between December, 1955, and November, 1965, is, however, about 700,000." Thus Meany felt himself entitled to jeer a little: "It will be interesting to see how our critics, who two years ago wrote of us as stagnant, out of style, and over the hill, will account for the strange turn now, when we are two years older." The viewpoint reminds one of a businessman who grosses more this year than last but fails to note that his share of the market has declined in a period of expansion. Using either total civilian labor force or nonfarm work force as a reference point, the proportionate share of union membership continues to decline. And no one at San Francisco was predicting a significant breakthrough in white-collar areas.

The changes in union membership have another important aspect. Except for the excluded teamsters union which registered about 300,000 more members in the past decade, the unions which grew were old-line AFL, and those that lost membership were the former CIO unions. This shift accounts in part for the ascendancy of the ideology and personality of George Meany. Auto, steel, textile among others, each lost more than 100,000 members in the past ten years. The AFL retail clerks picked up more than 150,000, the AFL electrical workers more than 200,000, the operating engineers more than 100,000, and the building service union more than 100,000. These unions have scant patience for oratory of the Reuther variety; they are satisfied with President Meany's evaluation of the world and their place in it.

Given the increase in the national work force, the AFL-CIO needed an annual increase of 250,000 members after 1955 to maintain its proportion of union membership, and it fell seriously short of this pace. The lag tends to be lost in the context of a growing economy calculated to reach a $700 billion Gross National Product next year. In this society both collective bargaining and unionism are so institutionalized that there now exist about 150,000 contracts between labor and management, with most of them for two- and three-year periods, and most of them containing wage improvements annually. And with union dues totaling annually about $750 million, the short-run illusion of success is understandable.

Apparently the discussion of this affluence within the hierarchy is the source of Walter Reuther's recent remark about a "Bankers' Mentality" among some trade union leaders. It fits also into the executive council's recommendation of a raise for President Meany from $45,000 to $50,000, with the additional provision that Meany receive another $20,000 per year while he serves as president of the AFL-CIO.

The future smiles on the current

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leadership from two directions. First, the teamsters union is no longer an acute problem. James Hoffa is so deeply preoccupied with legal entanglements that he has apparently adopted a live-and-let-live strategy. His executive board, meeting recently at Las Vegas, produced a quiet and subdued Hoffa, a man who wasn't making big plans or even blocking the pretensions of Harold Gibbons or Einor Mohn to be his successor if his convictions are sustained by the Supreme Court. The teamsters will be welcomed back quickly into the AFL-CIO if Hoffa goes and Mohn takes over. In this respect, Mohn has a jump on Gibbons who has many important enemies in the AFL-CIO. The return of the teamsters would add 1.5 million members.

The second promising development is that all signs at the convention—the firm commitment of President Johnson and Vice President Humphrey and the private comments of labor leaders—pointed to another and more vigorous fight to repeal Section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act which enables states to enact anti-union-shop legislation (nineteen states now have such laws). If the war in Vietnam expands as seems likely, the trade unions will have additional pressure at their disposal. They would offer a policy of "non-strike" in negotiations if requested, and a *quid pro quo* would be indicated. Besides, the draft calls are likely to become large enough to create some shortages in the labor market. This would place the unions in a position similar to that held by them during World War II, when unionism grew by 4 million members.

Hopes for the future combined with satisfaction in the recent past. Said Mr. Meany: "In two of the most productive legislative years in history we received medical care for the aged, a massive aid to education program, new civil rights laws, housing, tax cuts, an anti-poverty program, and new attacks on pollution, crime, illiteracy and discrimination. And to top it all off—a continuation of the prosperity and economic growth begun fifty-eight months ago by President Kennedy, the greatest and longest period of prosperity in modern times."

Hundreds of resolutions for more social welfare legislation were submitted to the convention—all predicated on the assumption that the American industrial machine can provide more guns and more butter indefinitely. Even while trade union leaders were living in euphoria, the dispatches from Washington and Texas indicated that the Johnson Administration is preparing to slow down the march toward a Great Society as the escalation of war turns the nation into a grim society.

In the context of world events, and given the unanimity of policy at this convention, the controversy and wild speculation about changes in union leadership were somewhat less than significant. The question of age was really minor. George Meany, at 70, easily demonstrated all the vigor and firmness necessary to run the organization smoothly, tightly and efficiently. And as if to emphasize how irrelevant the issue of age really was, Meany kept Harry Bates, aged 83, on the executive council.

Walter Reuther at 58 did not set himself apart in ideas or policies from 70-year-old George Meany. In the top hierarchy, the mold of the institution is more influential than the men for determining leadership. And the overpowering role of President Meany has set the pattern for the future—when he retires.

In the 100th anniversary issue of *The Nation*, A. H. Raskin suggested that, "Without a new consciousness of mission [the labor movement] will drift into a steadily reducing role as either a ward of the government or of industry, stripped of any real influence as a force for democratic vitality or economic balance." During this convention *The New York Times* quoted a steel industry executive to the effect that labor "got the gout," and an auto industry man who declared, "the labor movement . . . is more a defender of the *status quo* than in earlier years."

Labor ought to have a sense of social mission, as did the original CIO, but can exist without it. Unions that embrace a business philosophy and motivation can grow and become richer. In the short run, this satisfies the hierarchy. The union leaders fought Lyndon Johnson and lost—and now they are glad. No President ever had a closer rapport with the union leadership. In return, he has in the trade union movement a strong defender against all critics on all issues.

Harold Wilson

LABOUR'S LLOYD GEORGE? . . . .

Michael Foot

London

As the British Labour Government starts on its second year of office, the outward signs of endurance and vitality are impressive. Contrary to most prophecies, the minuscule majority in the House of Commons has not made effective government impossible. Almost miraculously, the public-opinion polls have moved sharply in the government's favor. Few observers doubt that if an election were held now or in the near future, the Labour Party would substantially improve its position. For the first time since the narrowness of the majority disappointed left-wing hopes in October, 1964, a sustained period of Labour rule emerges as a distinct possibility.

Considering the alarms of the past twelve months, and whatever the verdict that may be reached on many of the government's individual policies, this achievement is considerable in itself. Week after week, the whole scene has been overcast by the threat to sterling and by the fear of ministers that if unpopular steps were not taken a first-class financial crisis might follow. A series of other emergencies, from Vietnam to Rhodesia, have imposed heavy strains on the government's own support. Frequently the Tories, who suppose themselves born to rule, have expected that they would soon have their rightful heritage restored. As recently as July and August, when the Labour Chancellor

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of the Exchequer was introducing fresh "economy" measures, apparently to comfort or appease the international financiers, it was assumed that the Tory Opposition, under the new, invigorating leadership of Edward Heath, would return to the House of Commons in November, ready for the kill. Nothing of the sort happened in this month's debates at the beginning of the new session. With spectacular suddenness the political balance has tipped in Labour's favor.

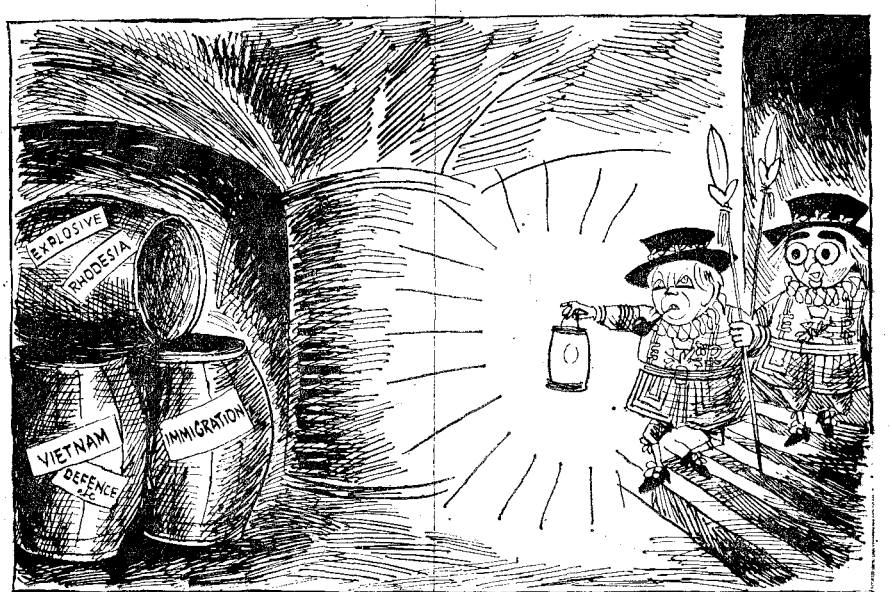
Much dispute is possible about the causes of the change, but even the most doctrinaire opponent of the cult of personality could hardly refrain from giving pride of place to the phenomenon of Harold Wilson. Hardly a day passes without some mesmerized political pundit in the Conservative newspapers acknowledging his skill and professional competence. Up until a few months ago it was his cunning that extorted the most unrestrained tributes; more recently, especially during the Rhodesian crisis, the assiduous survey of his varied talents extends to his "statesmanship" and his infallible touch as "a national leader." And let it not be supposed that the adulation is merely part of the old Tory device of embracing the enemy. Mr. Wilson was, and still is, positively hated by most Tories. What they blurt out is the truth they never bargained for—that for the first time in its history the Labour Party has a leader who stands head and shoulders above his opponents in political intelligence, driving power and capacity to seize the initiative. No such claim could be made on behalf of MacDonald, Attlee or Gaitskell. Wilson has the zest of a Truman, the coolness of a Macmillan; he may even have the political acumen (as he surely has the deviousness) of a Lloyd George. It is a formidable combination and the impact on the political temper of the country cannot be underrated. Ever since Winston Churchill made the accusation in the 1920s, the familiar gibe against the Labour Party has been that it is "unfit to govern." Wilson chiefly, but assisted by several of his leading colleagues, has effectively buried the charge.

The second of Labour's advantages must be stated much more tentatively, for the drama is unfinished. Yet in recent weeks, almost inexplicably, the strain on sterling has eased, the gnawing preoccupation of ministers with the immediate economic threat has been relieved. Here, indeed, if the present gusts of optimism blowing through Whitehall and Westminster are justified, a near miracle will have been achieved. Ever since November of last year, the main criticism of the government on its economic policies, from Conservatives and Socialists, from Right and Left, has been that it tackled the balance-of-payments crisis with old, discredited weapons. Higher interest rates, cutbacks of public expenditure, excessive deflation; these and kindred measures, said the critics, would merely produce the old stop-go cycle, serious unemployment and stagnation in the economy.

Indeed, it was this prospect, envisaged not merely by expectant Tories and downcast Socialists but by most orthodox economic opinion, which suggested in the spring and summer that Labour was heading for a crash. No amount of Wilsonian brilliance could distract attention from rising unemployment figures. And yet, as of now, it is the government rather than its critics that has been vindicated. So far this government's restrictive measures have operated much less crudely than those of its predecessors; so far there has been no jolting stop in the stop-go cycle. For generations, left-wing Socialists in Britain have assailed the reformism and timidity of their leaders, partly on the grounds that capitalists could be expected to run capitalism better than Socialists, and that Socialists would be wise therefore not to embark on the enterprise; they should instead seek to introduce a system of their own. But Mr. Wilson and his colleagues seem—momentarily, at least—to be running capitalism better than the capitalists. And since no one in his senses could expect them to introduce a social revolution with a majority of three, even left-wing members of the Labour Party can greet the event with cautious enthusiasm.

Labour has a number of lesser but considerable assets on its side. In the months ahead, some of the legislative reforms passed by Parliament in the past year will come into operation and the program for the new session comprises further measures which, apart from their other virtues, should assist in winning votes. Housing, says Wilson, is the great social problem of the 1960s, as unemployment was of the 1930s. His energetic and imaginative Housing Minister, Richard Crossman, has been given or has extracted a high priority in the government's social plans for his schemes. Several other reforms — especially those that cost little money—will be approved in the months ahead. Given no sudden transformation in the scene, the government can look forward to a successful year with the likelihood of a general election in the autumn. If opposition proved too obstreperous before then, the successful appeal to the polls could be made in the spring. For the government, either way the prospect pleases.

Such then is the exuberant estimate of the situation made by



Vicky, New Statesman; Ben Roth

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ministers themselves, but the very swiftness with which the present opportunity has developed should qualify their optimism. During the past year the government's popularity, according to the public polls, has not steadily risen or fallen; it has tended rather to zigzag. For all the present display of confidence, that experience is likely to be repeated in the future and the predicament of the government, arising from its small majority, remains. One or two deaths, necessitating by-elections in marginal constituencies at a moment when the government's popularity was low, could deprive it of a majority, and a general election forced by such circumstances would almost certainly be disastrous. How can the wary Mr. Wilson guard against such a hazard? One answer, accepted by many of the leading political commentators, is that the essential precaution has already been taken. Mr. Wilson, it is said, has made a tacit, undercover alliance with Jo Grimond's Liberal Party, thus raising his effective Parliamentary majority from two to roughly twenty. The legislative program for 1966 offers much to attract Liberal support and nothing to alarm it—in particular it does not include the bill to bring the steel industry into public ownership, the principal Socialist measure in Labour's program.

No such deal with the Liberals, direct or indirect, does in fact exist, and on the issue of steel nationalization Mr. Wilson has taken an early opportunity to stress that, despite the omission of the measure from this year's proposed legislation, it remains a firm commitment of his government. But the stir created by the apparent retreat on this central test of Socialist planning is no more than one sign of the widespread suspicion and disillusion which the government's strategy and policies have aroused on the Left of the party.

While the country at large has increasingly admired Mr. Wilson's skill, while the Right and Center of the party in the main have increasingly offered their enthusiastic approval, the Left has been bitterly disappointed. On Vietnam, on defense policy, on relations with the Soviet Union, on the so-called "East of Suez" posture adopted in Aden and Malaysia, on immigration policy, on the lack of more direct and interventionist economic measures —on all these issues in the past year the government has appeared to accept, reluctantly or readily, in part or in whole, the attitudes of its Conservative predecessors. And, say some, the tactics for the present session, the dropping of steel, the unspoken reliance on the Liberals, are merely fresh proof that the bipartisan outlook and non-Socialist tendencies of the administration have become more deliberate. "THE DAY THEY BURIED SOCIALISM," ran one screaming headline in a Conservative newspaper when the news was finally published about the steel bill.

Nothing in fact is so precise in the highly fluid state of present British politics. It could be that the trends which have drained all semblance of socialism from most of the European Social Democratic parties are operating here and that Mr. Wilson is content to preside over the process. But it could also be that the only resort of his government must be, at a reasonably early date, to fight a fresh election, and that a substantial Labour victory could once again sharpen the division in British society and produce a government capable and prepared to carry through truly radical change. Mr. Wilson's political zest and energy would qualify him to play that role too.

The stronger his position becomes—in his own party it is very strong—the more depends on what his real vision is. No one knows and, possibly, he does not know himself. Fighting off the pressures of one crisis after another on the basis of a barely existing majority, he can have had little time to think in terms of longer perspectives. The deep suspicion of the Left is that he prefers it that way, that he positively revels in the tests and glamour of an immediate crisis and despises longer aims as mere theorizing. What *are* the guiding principles of this supreme empiricist, of Labour's Lloyd George? The same question was asked of the earlier Lloyd George and even today the historians quarrel about the answer.

PUNISHMENT BY CONSCRIPTION

General Hershey's Big Stick . . . . . Carl Cohen

A recent incident at Ann Arbor, Mich., and ensuing events, have given rise to serious doubts about the propriety of the uses to which the Selective Service System is now being put.

On October 15, thirty-nine persons, all but one of them students at the University of Michigan, were arrested in Ann Arbor for trespassing while engaged in civil disobedience to protest United States policy in Vietnam. To make their protest as effective as possible, the students had focused upon the instrument of military conscription; their disobedience took the form of sitting on the floor of the office of the local board of the Selective Service System. During the period of their sit-in the work of the clerks went on as usual, although not, of course, without interruption.

Upon arrest, most of the demonstrators went limp and had to be carried from the building to waiting police vans. In the local court most of those arrested pleaded *nolo contendere*, were found guilty of trespassing and sentenced to ten days in the county jail. Upon sentencing them, Judge Francis L. O'Brien made very clear that they were being punished not for the expression of their views upon American foreign policy, but because of their planned, deliberate violation of the law. The students' request for a stay in the execution of the sentence, so that they might serve their ten days during the Christmas holiday and avoid academic penalty, was refused. Their cases were appealed to the circuit court, with the intention of dropping that appeal just prior to the university's Christmas recess in December.

That did not satisfy the director

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of the state headquarters of the Michigan Selective Service, Col. Arthur B. Holmes. He announced that the sit-in had been "an overt violation of the Selective Service Act," and might result in the change of the draft classification of some of the protesters (most of whom were at that time classified as students, 2-S) and in their immediate induction. Twelve days later Colonel Holmes sent an "evaluation" of the incident to the local draft board of each of the male students. He contended that the protest disrupted Selective Service office procedure, that that could be interpreted as a violation of Section 12 of the Universal Military Training and Service Act, and that some among the students involved would thereby lose their student deferments. He insisted, however, that the decision in each case would rest with the local draft board. In the weeks that followed four of the protesting students have been reclassified 1-A.

The reaction of the American Civil Liberties Union of Michigan, of the Democratic Party of Michigan, and of the University of Michigan, has been sharp. ACLU State Chairman Rollo O'Hare condemned the use of the Selective Service Act as a device to punish political protest. Colonel Holmes's statement, he said, "mocks our traditional national belief that patriotic duty and honor, not simply vengeance, are served by donning the nation's uniform." The ACLU plans soon to file with the circuit court, requesting a federal declaratory judgment to end further reclassification, and to restore the original classification in the cases of the four students. The State Central Committee of the Democratic Party unanimously approved a resolution which said, in part, "If demonstrators break the law, they should be prosecuted under the law, but the draft status of the student demonstrators should not be used as an instrument of thought control."

Democratic Rep. Charles Diggs of Detroit joined with several Democratic state legislators in sending identical and highly critical letters to Colonel Holmes, in which they charged that the Selective Service System was pursuing a "dictatorial and unrepresentative draft policy." They condemned Holmes's role in the students' reclassification, saying: "Your office has become the punitive arm of society and as such has infringed on the traditional separation of governmental powers, as you become a judiciary."

At the University of Michigan the reaction has been a mixture of pain, anger and disbelief. The president of the Student Government Council called the investigation by the Selective Service System "a violation of the rights of petition and a repressive act." Vice presidents of the University, Cutler and Smith, issued a formal statement, arguing that

> *. . . satisfactory educational progress by the student is in our judgment the controlling, if not the sole factor upon which deferment should be based. This we understand to be the existing national policy. To introduce other factors into the decision makes possible either individual favoritism or individual punitive action, either of which is clearly unwise and potentially discriminatory.*

This statement has been strongly endorsed in a formal resolution of the Student Government Council, and in a statement by the president of the university, Dr. Harlan Hatcher, who expressed great concern that such reclassification could "warp and degrade the entire concept of the draft." He insisted that "Selective Service must not be allowed to become an instrument for punishing dissent."

General Louis B. Hershey, director of the National Selective Service System, stated his position in a telephone interview given to the student newspaper, *The Michigan Daily*. General Hershey said *he* told Holmes that the sit-in constituted a violation of the Selective Service Act, and that the students' "conduct ought to be graded. The government would be committing suicide if it deferred students who defied the selective service laws." He said he was perfectly willing to take complete responsibility in the affair, and made it clear that he *does* view induction as a punishment, and deems the use of this punishment upon recalcitrant students to be appropriate and just. "I happen to be one of those old-fashioned fathers," he said, "who never let pity interfere with a spanking."

There the matter stands at present. The possibilities for the appeal of the draft reclassifications is likely to keep the fate of the students concerned in doubt for weeks or months to come.

Several features of this series of events deserve wide and careful notice. First, the vigor and clarity of the response to use of the draft as punishment is heartening. The reaction throughout Michigan has been widespread and well articulated. Even those who despise the protesters and their cause have voiced concern that using the conscriptive power of the federal gov-

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ernment to threaten those who protest against its policies is the deepest kind of wrong in a democracy.

But, second, the damage already done is not easily undone. The four students may succeed in regaining their student deferments. But whether they do or not the injury to them is minor compared to the injury already done to the nation as a whole. Hundreds of thousands of university students have been effectively threatened. How can they now be sure that the same power will not be used against them, if they wish to express a political view that conflicts with the government line?

Third, these recent events reinforce the conclusion that in recent months and years the University of Michigan has become a tower of strength in the defense of the genuinely free speech of its students and faculty. Student political protests, some distasteful to the vast majority of the university, have been tolerated patiently and wisely by faculty and administration alike. The president of the university, speaking recently to potential donors, said that although such student activism may frighten some gifts away, students at his university will continue to enjoy fully all of their rights as citizens of a democracy. The spirit of the university as a whole is now one in which all — Communists and Nazis included — may have their say. In such an atmosphere the quality of teaching and research has risen steadily; the university has become more and more attractive to the best students and to faculty of the highest caliber; education has become more exciting, more meaningful, more effective. And the greatest benefactors have been the state of Michigan and the nation.

Fourth, the potential punitive use of the "Universal" Military Training Act casts the gravest doubts on the justice of that act as a whole. If some may be punished for an alleged wrongdoing by being inducted into military service, what shall we say of those who were inducted into military service without wrongdoing? For what were they punished? But punished they have been, in precisely the same way. It will not do to reply that Selective Service should not be used as a punitive instrument. Of course it *should not.* But it is painfully evident that conscription is viewed by both the potential draftee and the agency that inducts him as a penalty, the infliction of harm and inconvenience (not to mention possible injury and death) upon some but not others. Military conscription in a democracy is fundamentally unhealthy, and should be eliminated. But if (as seems very doubtful) its continuation is a necessity for national survival, the inductive system should be so genuinely *universalized* as to make its punitive use not only unwise and unjust but impossible.

Finally, no one will dispute the need to punish defiance of the selective service laws themselves, so long as those laws are on the books. (Whether the Ann Arbor sit-in was a defiance of those laws is a separate question of fact.) But such punishment could only be justly imposed if guilt for the offense were properly established by a court of law. The assumption by a local draft board, or by the state or national director of the Selective Service System, that they have the right to decide upon the guilt or innocence of an accused violator is untenable —but it is an assumption apparently being made by Colonel Holmes, General Hershey, and perhaps some local boards. Whatever the jurisdiction of the Selective Service System, deciding legal guilt or innocence is certainly not within it. And, of course, whenever a penalty is to be imposed for deliberate disobedience, it should be in a form potentially applicable to all violators of the law. That in itself rules out the use of induction into military service as a punishment.

P. R. IN THE FORESTS . . . . . Grant McConnell

If your vacation wanderings of the last few summers have taken you into the Mount Baker National Forest of Washington State, you have probably encountered a new sort of billboard. Its wording varies, sometimes even its topic, but its purpose is constant: to maintain a bureaucratic empire serving the logging industry of a handful of small communities now surrounded by cut-over land. The billboards themselves, expensively carved in large slabs of Western red cedar, are the work of the United States Forest Service. They are commonly located at turn-out points of scenic beauty. Being the product of a public agency, they presumably are beyond the reach of any anti-billboard law. Nevertheless, billboards is what they are. More, they are weapons in a massive public relations campaign and their central message is political propaganda.

Some of these billboards give odd bits of information about the region—the presence of mountain goats, for example, or the colorful and abortive mining history of the area. These, however, are the attention attractors for the pay-off, which seeks to mobilize support for a Forest Service policy that is increasingly anachronistic and controversial. One sign, for example, is placed at a spot that offers a view of splendid glacier-hung peaks and magnificent forest. In the midst of the nearby view, however, there is a patch which has been logged in the usual manner, by clear cutting. The sign proclaims that the watershed is being managed for "multiple use"—recreation, wild life, forage, water and timber. The only significant part of the statement is that about timber, which means it is being cut. Another sign, facing

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such a patch cut, states that the logging has been carefully regulated to avoid erosion. The particular cut indeed seems to bear out the claim; however, if one glances back at another cut-over patch from a point 100 yards beyond, erosion is both obvious and serious. Another sign proclaims that an area was cut ten years before and then replanted. It is so placed that the tourist naturally looks to a hillside of virgin forest rather than to the nearby scrub.

Such billboards are to be found in many parts of the National Forest areas of the West, almost invariably in spots of great natural beauty. In most parts of the National Forests, logging is clearly the principal service which the forests can offer and about these there is no dispute; with respect to the scenic areas of high quality, however, there is controversy and in them the signs are sprouting. The billboards are probably nowhere denser than in the Mount Baker Forest. The background here is that, belatedly, a substantial number of local citizens and individuals from widely scattered parts of the nation have discovered the North Cascades (much of it is in part of Mount Baker Forest) and then learned the plans of the Forest Service with respect to it.

The North Cascades until very recently has been—and to a large degree still is—an area of nearly pristine wilderness. It is also an area holding the greatest concentration of natural beauty in the entire United States. A labyrinth of deep valleys incised among high and jagged peaks, it has more and larger glaciers than all of the Rocky Mountains of the United States. Here, mountain relief is often more than 6,000 feet. Glacier Peak, one of the most exquisite of volcanos, rises to 10,500 feet above sea level, while the bottom of Lake Chelan is 400 feet below sea level and lies in a canyon more than 9,000 feet deep at points, the deepest chasm in North America. In the narrow valleys are delicate meadows superior to any found in the Alps, and cathedrallike groves of great trees. By almost any standard, the area is preeminent among the scenic splendors of America. A 1937 study proposing a national park in the area stated that such a park would "outrank in its scenic, recreational and wild-life values any existing national park and any other possibility for such a park within the United States."

Given such a land and such an evaluation, it would seem obvious that public policy should be directed to providing for the area the most complete and careful protection of which the nation is capable. Nevertheless, logging and other practices of the most destructive sort are planned and, in fact, are already being rushed into operation. The response of forest authorities to the protests of public-minded citizens is to accelerate the timber sales and to mount a massive public relations campaign of ranger speeches to civic clubs, inspired stories in newspapers, Potemkin village tours for local leaders, and the billboards.

During the next few months, and perhaps years, the North Cascades will be the battleground of the greatest and most important struggle for conservation in recent time. There have been other struggles and some notable accomplishments in the last few years—Cape Cod, Canyonlands, Point Reyes and others. None of these, or even all collectively, have had the importance of the North Cascades, whose more than 2 million acres are of a quality justifying the highest superlatives. Yet a dispute rages as to whether any of it should be preserved for future generations. Over the years, numerous proposals have been made for saving the North Cascades, but each has succumbed before sharp and often highly disingenuous attacks. This time, however, conservation organizations are aroused and the mood of the public is different. The Kennedy administration made a strong new beginning in the conservation of the nation's scenic areas. Yet, it was unwilling to tackle the North Cascades, and in 1963 put the issue on ice by appointing an inter-agency study commission (including the Forest Service). The commission will soon report, and the issue will be before the public and ultimately before Congress. The battle will be bitter.

Why should there be any issue or dispute on the matter at all? The answer is not simple and goes to the heart of the conservation problem across the nation. It would be easy to say that there is deep rivalry and jealousy between two bureaucracies, the Forest Service and the Park Service, one an agency of the Department of Agriculture, the other of the Department of the Interior. To say this, however, is only to touch the surface. The Forest Service, which has had jurisdiction over the area since its own creation, has had a reputation as one of the ablest and most enlightened agencies of the government. It was the chief administrative accomplishment of the progressive movement and did more than any other body to slow the exploitation of public lands that so disgraces American history. Under the aggressive and political leadership of Gifford Pinchot, it achieved substantial independence inside the Department of Agriculture, and freedom from influence either by the Presidency, changing administrations or "politics" (i.e., parties). Always directed with great skill, it managed to preserve this independence and perhaps achieved its height of political power by directing and managing the fight which defeated FDR's reorganization plan in 1937.

As with other reforming and formally independent agencies, time and exposure took their toll. In order to survive and also maintain its bureaucratic autonomy, the Forest Service had to accommodate itself to the interest groups whose activities it was supposed to regulate. Over time, the service, like such other independent regulatory agencies as the ICC, the CAB and the SEC, acquired as its own constituency a particular industry, in this case lumber. Thus, in symbiotic relationship, there lies behind the Forest Service a strongly organized and determined lumbering industry.

The building of this relationship has been strongly fostered by several other forces. One of these is the way in which Forest Service personnel are selected and trained. As a highly professionalized service, the agency draws its career personnel from the schools of forestry. But these schools send most of their graduates into industry and until very recently their curricula have been strongly oriented to the wants of the industry.

A second factor has emerged from the independence and "nonpolitical" character of the Forest Service. In order to maintain itself and build its own political system, the service has decentralized its operations in a manner for which it has been much praised. This has meant that regional and forest supervisors, even district rangers, have had large discretion. These officers have accordingly been able (and encouraged) to maintain close personal contact

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with the local communities in which they work. This contact, however, has led inevitably to closest association with individuals who are socially and politically most influential. In the forested areas where the agency operates, such individuals are naturally the mill owners and operators. Understandably, despite occasional family quarrels, an identity of outlook has grown up among industry, local leaders and service officials. The result is not corruption as it is commonly understood, but the public implications are nonetheless serious.

These implications did not become evident until rather recently. The forests were large and it appeared that they could offer something for everybody. The service coined the phrase "multiple use" to symbolize its past easy successes in keeping everyone happy. With a growing population, affluence and accelerated travel, however, the easy solution to conflicting demands is no longer available. "Multiple use" has been a pleasing slogan, but as a policy it is largely meaningless. It suggests that a given piece of land can be made to serve an array of different purposes. Sometimes this is possible; some purposes such as protection of water and scenery, for example, are compatible. Under such conditions there is no problem and no policy is needed. With other combinations such as scenery and logging, however, the conflict is serious and policy is needed if decisions are to be anything more than the expressions of the personal tastes and prejudices of the bureaucrats making them. As things stand, with "multiple use" as the only guideline, decisions on land use are resting on nothing more substantial or defensible.

So far the Forest Service has adamantly refused to face its problem. Its response to questioning and criticism has been the P.R. campaign and the iteration of the slogan of "multiple use" (latest variant: "Land of Many Uses"). It relies even more heavily on its long-standing political allies in the lumber industry and the local elites. It also attempts to gain popularity among the throngs of visitors now coming to the forests for their holidays. This takes the form of road building (paid for by logging in the areas "opened up"), roadlike trails comfortably available to motorcycles, and similar facilities for mass use. This latest and somewhat desperate phase of the struggle for political support only accelerates the destruction of the essential values of the areas in the forests which have drawn the new visitors in the first place. This, however, is beside the point of the effort, which is preservation not of the nation's scenic heritage but of the political system of which the Forest Service is the culminating part.

The stakes in this contest are large. They involve the survival or destruction of some of America's finest scenic areas. Ironically, however, they do not involve vast amounts of potential lumber, for the timbered valleys of high scenic quality are generally very narrow. The North Cascades fight is by all odds the biggest item in this struggle, but there are numerous other splendid areas within the vast empire of Forest Service lands which are under imminent threat of spoliation at agency fiat. In some areas, groups of outraged citizens have banded together to forestall the destruction until the public can be alerted to its stake. Often, however, it turns out that roads have already been pushed to the heads of timbered valleys at the very heart of scenic areas and logging started from the top downward. In such areas, the too-often-justified expectation of the Forest Service is that, with the finest parts of the scenery destroyed, there no longer will be any point in a public fight for preservation, and the lower valley points can then be logged at the industry's convenience. A few picnic tables along polluted streams then can give whatever substance was ever offered by "multiple use."

It is one of the tragedies of political life that a one-time crusading agency of government should become a major threat to the public interest it was created to defend. Yet this has happened before and we have not yet learned how to deal with the disease which brings it about. It is an even greater tragedy that just as prosperity and increasing population pressure are sending hundreds of thousands of Americans out in search of some more permanent values than dollars or board feet, the greatest resources in which those values are to be found are marked for quick destruction.

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AIR SAFETY

The Lethal Lapses . . . . . Karl M. Ruppenthal

An imminent catastrophe stopped at tragedy earlier this month when two commercial air liners collided in mid-air. Had it not been for a miraculous combination of circumstances, two large planes might have gone down in flames in a densely populated area. It is not pleasant to contemplate the holocaust that was narrowly averted.

Now that the wreckage has cooled and grateful thanks have been given, some serious probing should begin. Skilled investigators from the CAB are already on the scene. Because one plane is largely intact and most of the crew members survived the ordeal, they should be able to determine what actually occurred and why. In due course, the board will publish an accident report detailing the event and describing what went wrong. If it is well done, it may minimize the possibility of other accidents arising from similar failures.

It would be pointless to speculate at this time about what this investigation may reveal. There are too many possibilities that have not yet been fully explored. But one thing is certain now: the official accident report will not go far enough. By and large, the CAB investigation teams do a creditable job, but the fact is that several important areas are completely beyond their purview and responsibility.

Several of our major airports and nearby airways are completely saturated with planes at certain hours of the day. The congestion is so great at prime departure hours from New York that dozens of flights each day are delayed from twenty minutes to an hour or more. One suggested solution is to build more airports. This course of action would solve part of the airport congestion problem, at least on a temporary basis, but might do little to reduce congestion in the air.

An alternative is to decrease the amount of air space allocated to each plane in the sky. Obviously the atmosphere can physically accommodate more planes, but the collision hazard would be increased.

A third possibility would be to provide better transportation on the ground. The Japanese have proved what many have long believed: high-speed, safe trains can haul thousands of passengers quickly over medium and short distances. It is feasible to operate attractive, frequent, high-speed trains between Washington, Philadelphia, New York and Boston. If all such medium-range transportation were adequately served by rail, airway congestion could be greatly reduced.

Better scheduling practices could eliminate some of the crowding. Today it is common practice for competing lines on the San Francisco-New York run to fly in virtual formation: you can use any air line you wish, provided you leave San Francisco at 9:00 A.M. Most airline schedules are dictated by economics; the planes depart when the passengers want to leave. But if there were greater experimentation in differential fares, so that a passenger could save substantially by leaving at a less desirable hour, the traffic could be more evenly distributed.

In an effort to speed traffic (and perhaps to reduce the burdens on the traffic controllers) certain changes were recently made in the Civil Air Regulations. It had been standard practice for commercial air liners to fly "IFR" (in accordance with Instrument Flight Rules), thus operating in clear weather as they would operate in the clouds. In this way they were afforded the protection of airways traffic control, which provides traffic separation for the various planes.

Under the new system, once a pilot sees the airport, he may be cleared to make a *visual* approach. This means that the pilot himself assumes primary responsibility for watching out for traffic. It is true that he may get some traffic advice from the radar operators on the ground, but the reliability of separation is substantially reduced. Visual approaches are now common even in Los Angeles, where visibility is seriously restricted by haze and smog. Under this system a jet flying from San Francisco to Los Angeles may save a minute or two in landing procedures.

Although major air lines spend thousands of dollars and a good many man-hours training their hostesses in emergency procedures and the use of safety equipment, the training is uneven. Some of the carriers give too little attention to these matters—scanting items that can be critical when a perilous situation arises.

Instead of giving real attention to the adequacy of emergency training and equipment, some (not many!) inspectors content themselves with minutiae. One FAA employee actually devised a scheme whereby regular commuters might spy on the crew, reporting in Gestapo-like fashion whether the cockpit door appeared to be locked and whether the pilot appeared to spend too much time in the galley, the cabin or the lavatory.

The air transportation industry, cooperating with the military, has made impressive studies of the results of airplane crashes, using obsolescent and unmanned planes on high-speed surface tracks. These experiments, scientifically controlled, confirm some hypotheses that accident investigations have developed. Much useful information has been gained, and many safety devices have been invented.

But we have not gone far enough. These investigations clearly demonstrate the need for a well-trained crew and the critical importance of time. If fire breaks out (and there is more than a possibility that it will), ten seconds may make a difference in the number of lives that are saved. High-test gasoline thrown on hot engine wreckage will quickly burst into flame. Time is important. With good equipment, a competent crew may help all on board to survive.

In this respect the jets are much safer because the kerosene they use is less volatile. But the possibility of explosion still remains, and more than one tragedy has occurred from the explosion of kerosene fumes in a near-empty tank. Substantial

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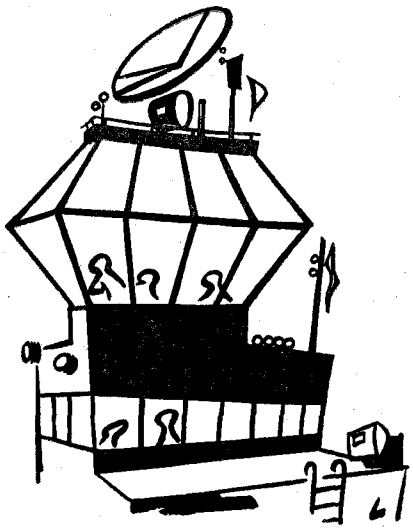

progress has been made in developing a substance that may one day inhibit the formation of kerosene fumes.

For more than a generation warehouses have been equipped with automatic sprinkler systems to minimize the damage to goods if fire should inadvertently break out. In the middle of the Arizona desert, astute cattlemen have installed overhead sprinklers to ameliorate the effects of the noonday sun on the beasts in their modern feeding pens. But in this age of rockets and space travel, we have not yet developed an automatic system to quench the flames in a plane.

We rely heavily on prosaic safety equipment—extremely common, seldom used, but vital in an emergency. And here the story is sad. On some air lines "safety" equipment is scarcely worthy of the name. Escape chutes are a case in point. These slidelike devices were developed when planes grew so tall that there was danger in jumping from the cabin to the ground. Stowed compactly in the cabin, they can quickly be inflated with the pull of a cord and provide an easy slide to safety—if all goes well.

But in the sixth year of the jet age, these chutes are still not standardized. It is bad enough that some of them are stowed overhead and some are attached to the door. (Valuable seconds may be wasted looking for them in an emergency in the dark.) Even worse, one type of chute requires that the door be opened before the chute is locked into place, but if the door should be opened before another type is affixed, the chute goes helplessly out the door. Some of the overhead chutes are beyond the reach of a small hostess; and if she manages somehow to grasp it, it may knock her to the floor as it falls from its stowed position.

Too few mechanics know anything about chute operation, and far too many chutes are incorrectly installed. Placed upside down (and many are), their usefulness is seriously decreased. On two successive safety demonstrations on a major air line the chutes were improperly installed. In four recent accidents, at least one chute did not work properly.

And even when chutes are in good shape, they are really not good enough. These ingenious slides essentially are inflated balloons. The standard emergency instructions call for all passengers to remove their shoes before using the slides, lest a woman's high heels, or a nail in a sole, puncture the chute. Can one really expect a person to take off his shoes before jumping from a burning plane? Less fragile material is indicated.

Chutes have other limitations. If they are overheated they may explode; if the wind is strong they may blow away; if it is raining they will not permit a passenger to slide. On at least one occasion the inflation hose broke loose and flailed about the cabin, adding to the terror and danger.

Engineering genius has been used in the design of our superb planes but glaring oversights remain. It is still inadvisable to suffer an accident at night!

Until the advent of the jets most

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

fortable evidence"? I certainly do not deny the *facts* about Negro family structure; I question the methods by which these facts are *interpreted* as *causes* of other phenomena. Now, this may put me in the same bag with the tobacco companies, but it is true that, in scientific discourse at least, a correlation is not, by itself, acceptable evidence of cause-and-effect relationships.

4. Do I miss the point and hang on to old myths? I didn't miss the point that Mr. Callahan underlines. I just don't accept it, and I particularly don't accept the method used to make that point. I do plead guilty to the charge that I cling to the old "myth" that ending discrimination will go a long way toward ending inequality. Of course I don't mean by this that we should pass laws, give them token enforcement, and then say with great wonderment that Negroes still don't seem to make much progress after all we've done for them.

Contrary to press reports, the White House Conference had presented to it literally dozens of proposals by which real equality might be achieved. A few touchy ideas that might be considered are: putting registrars in Georgia even if this might threaten the election of one or more of Mr. Johnson's buddies; decertifying some of Mr. Meany's craft unions that discriminate so blatantly; following through on the *de facto* issue in the schools of Mr. Daley's Chicago; and taking away urban-renewal money from Mr. Johnson's allies in the big cities if they don't meet requirements for code enforcement and decent relocation.

Surely we ought at least to try out the idea of putting an end to discrimination before we dismiss it as inadequate.

Finally, may I suggest that it is not the business of Moynihans, Callahans and Ryans to tinker with the Negro family. Why don't we put our energies into ending racism and see if then the Negro family is not able to take care of itself? *William Ryan*

The Rosenberg defense

Northampton, Mass.

Dear Sirs: In his review of *Invitation to an Inquest* [*The Nation*, Nov. 15] on the Rosenberg-Sobell case Fred J. Cook states:

> *From the first, there were implausibilities that challenged belief but they never had a chance to register with the jury because Emanuel Bloch, the Rosenbergs' attorney, incredibly chose not to challenge a single item of the Gold story.*

I followed the Rosenberg-Sobell case closely from the beginning. There was only one trial and until they were in court neither the accused nor their attorneys knew what they were charged with. No honest lawyer challenges evidence until he can prove it false. Bloch did obtain all the evidence to prove the Rosenbergs innocent, but that evidence could never be presented in court because all appeals for a new trial were refused.

Emanuel Bloch literally gave his life for the Rosenbergs and before he died he had seen to it that their children were well provided for. He left nothing undone and to slur his memory is shameful.

Margaret A. Fellows

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planes were inadequately provided with internal emergency lights. True, the pilots carried flashlights, but those could hardly be considered adequate to guide exiting passengers in a rush. Today there are some emergency lights in the cabins. Designed to operate automatically in the event of impact, they can provide assistance, but not enough. Much emergency equipment is not lighted, and no lights are available to flood the exterior of the plane. The emergency cabin lights are removable and may serve as portable lamps, but even here there is no standardization; at least three types of switches are in use.

Some lines have worked out elaborate procedures for the emergency coordination of the crew. But these assume the presence of the captain and a functioning communications system. They do not take into account that a single broken wire may disable the public-address system, nor that modern jet planes are so well soundproofed that if the captain were to yell at the top of his voice, he could not be heard from one end of the giant plane to the other.

While agents, clerks and baggage handlers on the ground are provided with portable walkie-talkie units, plane crews have no such device for emergencies that may develop in flight. Recognizing at least part of the problem, the FAA has ruled that all flights must carry a megaphone, but even this requirement will not become effective until July, 1966. Jet planes worth $5 million are not yet equipped with pre-recorded tapes that might alert the passengers in the event of certain types of emergencies.

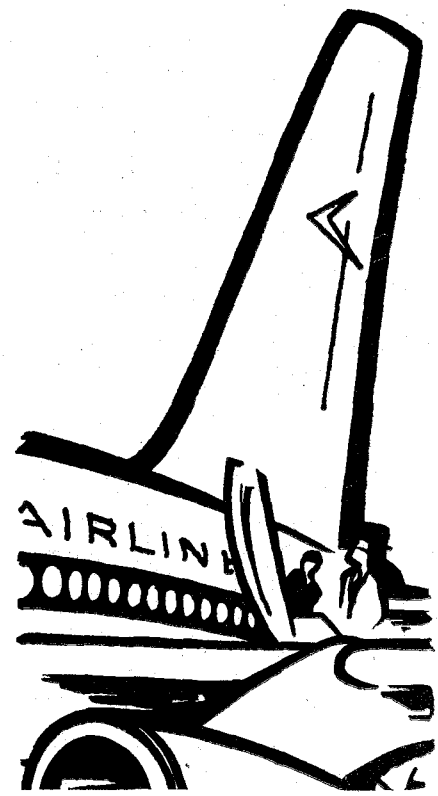
Today, many incidents can occur in a plane without the knowledge of the pilot. A passenger may go berserk; a drunk may become obnoxious; a fire may start in the galley. On one flight, after heavy use of the brakes following a difficult landing, smoke poured from the overheated brake drums. When the plane came to a stop at the end of the runway, the hostess—properly alert—took emergency action. The pilot was completely unaware that she had extended the integral ramp from the tail of the ship and was busily discharging the passengers. Thinking that the plane was on fire, she was "saving" them from nonexistent flames.

These incidents occur because the communications systems are frail, and because the pilot often cannot see what is going on. In one real emergency, a hostess in the rear of the plane made three round-trip tours through the coach compartment, oblivious to the fact that passengers were being evacuated from the forward cabin. Surely closed circuit television could be used to advantage, at least to allow the pilot to scan the interior and exterior of his plane.

In the event of an emergency at sea, life rafts may be of critical importance. Here again there are numerous malfunctions. Some lifeboats will not inflate; some have holes; on some moorings are improperly fastened. These are small mechanical details, but they may be important in saving lives.

Everybody connected with an air line is concerned about safety: operations executives and pilots; maintenance supervisors and hostesses; union officials and others. Many competent men devote their lives to it, but still not enough is being done. At the average air line, no one really has full responsibility for safety. Too often complaints about malfunctioning equipment get snarled up in channels. Too often new, proved safety devices must await installation until the next budget is approved.

Good training and adequate safety devices are expensive, and much money spent in this area will be "wasted." But is this not the case of a policy for fire insurance? Do you not hope that these dollars, too, will be unnecessarily spent?



COPS, GUNS AND HOMICIDES . . . Sol Rubin

The 1960s — or at least the first five years of the decade — will be remembered as a period of serious riots in the Negro ghettos. Many factors underlie these riots, but prominent among them is the relationship of the segregated population to the police. The riots are a more explosive demonstration of, in some places, almost daily incidents of noncooperation, or worse. [See "The Language of Watts" by Stanley Sanders, *The Nation*, Dec. 20.]

In Los Angeles, a police shotgun figured prominently in the arrest of a traffic violator that precipitated the riot. Guns were used freely in the several days of violence that followed. Of the thirty-four persons killed, thirty-one were Negroes. In Harlem the fatal shooting of a 15-year-old Negro boy by a white police lieutenant brought on the violence. In the few days after July 16, 1964, thousands of rounds were fired by the New York City police in response to rioting and looting.

But it is the everyday use of guns by the police that raises the bigger question. The shooting of a fleeing suspect is a common occurrence, and killings are not infrequent. In

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many instances off-duty policemen pull the trigger; and police guns are often used in noncriminal situations — quarrels, suicides and accidents. Inevitably innocent bystanders—as well as innocent suspects — have been wounded and killed.

Some moves have been made to control the resort to guns. A New York State Senator has introduced a bill to prevent off-duty policemen from carrying service revolvers. It is a good proposal. Why should not the officer leave his gun in the locker at the station house when he goes off duty? Nor is legislation needed to accomplish this, but only an administrative order by the police commissioner.

If guns were hung up with uniforms, tragedies like the following which occurred in New York would be averted.

- A Bronx youth is fatally shot by an off-duty policeman who says his gun went off accidentally after he was punched outside a neighborhood bar.
- A patrolman shoots and seriously wounds his neighbor, a fellow member of the force, in an argument in which each allegedly attempted to shovel snow onto his neighbor's property.
- An off-duty patrolman fatally shoots a man in a tavern argument. The patrolman says the shooting was accidental.
- A retired police sergeant shoots and kills a peddler after being punched during an argument.

These serious incidents are selected because they have nothing whatsoever to do with law enforcement. It may be noted in this connection that the shooting which set off the Harlem riot was by a police lieutenant who was off duty and who intervened in an argument between an apartment house superintendent and some children.

However, restricting the possession of guns to police officers on duty is not enough. I suggest that the police here, as in England, not carry guns while on ordinary police duty. It is doubtful that the gun protects either the police or the public, or that it controls crime. Certainly it is the cause of needless killings and woundings of civilians, police and criminals. These conclusions stem from a study of typical events that occur in the police work. The following incidents are drawn from reports in the New York press during 1964. They are in no way unusual. Rather, they are typical of occurrences in other cities and at other times.

Shootings related to law enforcement fall into two categories: incidents at close quarters, and those in which the fleeing suspect offers no threat to the officer or anyone else. The second category first:

- An 18-year-old Puerto Rican youth, father of an infant and named Boy of the Year two years before, was shot and killed. He was said to have attacked the off-duty patrolman, in civilian clothes, with a knife and then fled. He was shot when he failed to halt at the officer's command and warning shot. Protests and demonstrations by the Puerto Rican community followed.
- A taxi pulled alongside a patrol car. The cab driver jumped out and shouted that his two passengers —who fled—had taken his money. The police called on them to stop and fired over their heads. When they kept running, the patrolman took aim and killed one of the fugitives.
- A pedestrian was shot and killed on Madison Avenue near 37th Street when a patrolman used his pistol to try to stop a fleeing motorist. The traffic officer had ordered the driver to stop, and reached in to take the ignition keys, but the motorist drove off and the officer ran alongside for one block and was dragged another block with his arm caught. While in this predicament he pulled his gun and fired four times, one shot killing the pedestrian.
- A 23-year-old suspect was seriously wounded by four bullets from the gun of a detective who said the man had struck him and fled after being stopped for questioning. He was not the man who was being sought.
- An 18-year-old youth was shot and killed while fleeing from police who were investigating an alleged burglary attempt.
- A patrolman accidentally shot a bystander in the thigh while pursuing a man who had just robbed a food shop.
- A patrolman approached two men who had been pointed out as men who had just stolen a wallet. When approached, one of the men swung a blackjack at the officer and ran. The patrolman fired two shots, one of them striking the fugitive, the other went through the hat of another patrolman who had been attracted by the sound of shots and was running toward the suspect. He was slightly wounded.

These are not examples of dangerous criminals whose capture must be attempted at all costs lest they commit serious injury to others. In some instances the crime was minor; in others there may have been no crime at all. But even if these were undoubted felons, it would seem more prudent to allow them to escape—as many criminals do anyway—rather than to attempt their capture at the risk of death for criminal, officer or bystander. It is difficult to justify gunfire directed at fleeing men. The police are not expected to be executioners.

There remain the other cases, in which the police officer has cornered an armed suspect, or is at close quarters with him. Whatever questions may be raised about the use of guns in the situations cited above, or about the need for officers to be armed in such situations, surely a gun is needed for the officer's self-defense or to overcome the resistance of armed robbers with the goods?

Two armed men, who within fifteen minutes robbed three stores, were shot down by the police during yet another robbery, one being killed and the other critically wounded. As the robbers entered the store, two patrolmen stepped from the shadows outside the building, moved in behind them and asked for identification. One of the suspects drew a gun and seven shots were exchanged, one of the officers being hit in the hand.

Was this effective police enforcement? Was it desirable police practice? For one thing, it might easily have resulted in the death of one or both of the officers. The desirable result would have been capture of the suspects without shooting.

Such situations offer the best argument for the police gun, but even in these situations, as often as not, there is time for a radio call to headquarters, bringing to the scene a special armed squad trained to handle such affairs — and without shooting if possible.

A study of a national sample of episodes in which police officers had been shot, showed that in approximately three-fourths of the cases the officers knew, or had good reason to believe, that the suspects were armed. More than half of the sus-

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pects were barricaded and there was no need for impulse activity. But in three-quarters of these cases officers were shot when they rushed the premises without use of special weapons or tear gas. It may well be that possession of a gun leads a police officer to act with needless impetuosity in a dangerous situation; he thus greatly enlarges the danger to himself as well as to the suspect. A reasonable amount of ingenuity and perseverance will apprehend violators without recourse to guns. Furthermore, it is likely that the police pattern in the use of guns tends to generate lawlessness and violence, rather than the opposite. Certainly there is no evidence that crime is being deterred.

In addition, condoning current practice opens the door to abuses. On August 29, 1963, the New York police learned that one of two killers of two New Jersey policemen was in a New York hotel. A lieutenant, a sergeant, two detectives and three patrolmen of the city police department entered his room with a passkey, while he was in bed asleep in his underwear. *The New York Times* reported: "Although awakened with a revolver pressed to his throat, he fought desperately before being killed by seven bullets. He died snarling at the police and cursing them." Sixteen hours later, the second man surrendered, accompanied by a lawyer. The Civil Liberties Union asked for facts which would dispel the suspicion that the officers may have executed the man in the hotel.

On November 17, 1963, two Puerto Ricans were shot and killed in a police patrol car when they allegedly attempted to break loose as they were being taken to the station house on disorderly conduct charges. One was said to have fired a shot which passed between the two patrolmen in the front seat and lodged in the floor of the car. How, under arrest, did the captives retain a gun? It was explained that they were not searched on the spot because a crowd had gathered. The two officers were in the front, the two captives in the back. The patrolman was stopping the car to search the two men when, he said, one pulled a revolver and fired the shot. The other, police said, grabbed the second officer around the neck from behind, but this officer freed his right arm, pulled his gun and fired two shots at his assailant, then two at the other man, who was struggling with the other officer.

The killings were protested by 600 Puerto Rican demonstrators at the police station. Their leaders asked why the patrolman drove to the scene of the shooting, a highway underpass, which was not on the direct route from the site of the arrest to the station house.

A police commissioner's statement condemning the Civil Liberties Union position pointed to the tragic fact that nine New York City officers had been killed in the line of duty since 1961. But the number of policemen killed in all England averages less than one a year.

Presumably the relative safety of British officers is due to the fact that the British criminal is less likely to shoot, or even to be armed. Why should that be so? At least in part it is because the British police are not armed; a criminal facing a British police officer does not fear an assault on his life, and behaves accordingly. Gertrude Samuels, writing on crime and law enforcement in England, referred to a rise there in crimes of violence. But when she asked a constable whether he wanted to be armed he said no; he "explained in tones of pained surprise: 'It isn't safe.'"

Then what reason remains for the American police to carry guns? I can think of only one—the weapon maintains a certain "image" of the police officer. The picture is that of a strong man, one with the power to kill. For many years, every police commissioner in New York has publicly proclaimed to his men and the public that the police must use force. Usually the sentiment has been reiterated by mayor and governor. A police officer who has used his gun is often among those receiving police department citations of honor. Michael Banton, in his recent book on the British and American police, writes: "To the visiting European it appears as if the revolver is the prime symbol of virility: a man without a gun who cannot shoot is a poor creature. When people possess guns there is a standing temptation to use them even when circumstances do not justify their use, and this increases the policeman's burdens considerably."

Police officials talk about, and believe in, good relations with the community. But the image I have just suggested is precisely the one strongly held by the Negro and Puerto Rican community in New York—and is an underlying factor in the riots, and in the attacks on individual policemen that occur from time to time. A study in Philadelphia police records revealed that the average annual rate of Negro and white victims of police guns was 22 to 1. The situation involved by this statistic becomes in itself an incitement to violence.

Learned Hand once said: "If you are able to shoot a robber [are you]

less likely to have a robber? I question that. I challenge it altogether. I don't believe that possibility figures at all in the commission of crime." The removal of his gun would go a long way to improving the policeman's image—with greater safety to the citizen and the police officer, and with no loss, with probably a gain, in police efficiency.

Perhaps there is an analogy in the experience of Warden Duffy of San Quentin, who disarmed the guards as one of his reforms. He writes: "To me, guns inside the prison meant a constant show of force, a Damoclean sword dangling over the inmates while they worked, ate and slept. It has taken almost ten years to eliminate most of these threatening rifles, but the upsurge in morale was worth it. . . . There are still riflemen on some of the wallposts, a few strategically located towers, and in the maximum-security sections, but I cannot remember when the last shot was fired."

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Silencing the Children of Sanchez

Joseph Sommers

To most North Americans, nationalism in Mexico evokes the Mexican Revolution of 1910-40, incarnated by such figures as Zapata and Pancho Villa, the great muralists Orozco, Rivera and Siqueiros, and the image of President Cárdenas in the 1930s expropriating American and British oil holdings and distributing land to former peons.

But nationalism in Latin America has many faces and many ideological bases, depending upon time and place. Radical movements for reform and revolution, directed against Yankee imperialism, have traditionally relied upon popular aspirations for national independence and self-determination. Cárdenas and Castro stand as examples. On the other hand, right-wing dictators like Stroessner of Paraguay, aware of nationalism's appeal, constantly evoke chauvinist sentiments of patriotism, glorifying the national past in order to set up political barriers in the present. Nationalism in Paraguay insulates against "foreign" ideologies and influences, whether they stem from *Das Kapital* or the Alliance for Progress.

A classic instance of reactionary nationalism, complete with openly demagogic anti-*yanquismo*, was the recent attempt to condemn and to ban officially the Spanish translation of Oscar Lewis' *The Children of Sánchez*. The attack upon this widely known study of Mexican poverty provides an index of the contradictory climate now prevailing in post-revolutionary times. Twenty-five years after Cárdenas, dominated by the new and powerful middle class which the revolution spawned, a decidedly less radical Mexico today is experiencing a new set of tensions.

The dramatic circumstances of the case and its wide impact in intellectual circles call for an extended study in depth. In a period of forty-six days in February and March of 1965, the editors of the Fondo de Cultura Económica, who had published the authorized translation of *The Children of Sánchez*, amassed in their files a collection of 583 newspaper articles, commentaries, cartoons and editorials on the controversy. It is to be hoped that Mexican and United States scholars will concern themselves with the broader implications for cultural activity and research. A review here of highlights may serve to challenge the current journalistic trend toward easy generalizations about Latin America.

The translation of *Los Hijos de Sánchez* was published in August, 1964, and sold out almost immediately. A second printing followed, and also disappeared rapidly from the bookstores.

On February 11, 1965, the Executive Committee of the Mexican Geographical and Statistical Society (MGSS) submitted to the Attorney General of the Republic a list of charges, alleging that the publication of Lewis' study was a criminal act. Citing the penal code, the charges referred to sections covering "social dissolution," defamation and offenses against public morality. They called specifically for a judicial investiga-

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tion in order to assess proper punishment against the Fondo de Cultura Económica and Oscar Lewis. The MGSS, an old and distinguished society, commands influence in government and political circles which far transcends its apparent concern for geography and statistics. Composed of important figures in government and industry, its program and political positions have consistently supported "official" governmental policies, presumably dedicated to implementing the platform of "institutionalized revolution."

The MGSS officials stated as the basis of their formal charges "the base and obscene language used by the author; the description of improper scenes together with opinions which are slanderous, defamatory and insulting to the people and the government of Mexico." (Translations are my own. Those below from *Los Hijos de Sánchez* are taken from the Spanish translation as quoted in the actual bill of particulars.) Among the specific passages cited as proof of the charges were the following quotes from members of the Sánchez family: "I'd like to have laws here like those of the United States. There wouldn't be as many scoundrels as we have, and there wouldn't be as much out-and-out thievery." "The Mexican people are going under for lack of leadership, lack of manliness, and because of all the filth that you can see. . . ." "I wish we had an American president here in Mexico." A paragraph from Lewis' own introduction, attributing Mexico's political stability to the capacity of its ordinary citizens to withstand poverty and suffering, was also cited, as was his statement that unless means were found to distribute national wealth more equitably, social upheavals would occur sooner or later.

Last spring, when Harold Barnell was planning his trip to Mexico, The Nation *suggested that he visit the neighborhood in Mexico City where the Sánchez family lived when Oscar Lewis studied them. The sketches on these pages are from the portfolio which Mr. Barnell compiled on that assignment.*

Mr. Barnell reports that, although the Mexican Government has tried to do a great deal to improve the situation in the city's slums, the public programs too often do not mesh with the needs of the people. For example, new housing is pushed on an impressive scale, but the rents are too high; a project near the Sánchez area was 80 per cent empty when Barnell visited it. Similarly, municipal markets are not patronized and new schools, which are free but not compulsory do not enroll children who are needed to earn food money.

The Children of Sánchez *is still a chronicle of our times.*

The widespread discussion which followed in all communication media is interesting partly because of what was not discussed. For example, only rarely was there any reference to the central theme of the Lewis book—the profound impact of poverty upon the personalities and lives of an ordinary Mexican urban family. When poverty was mentioned—usually by someone opposing the charges against the book—it was dealt with as a social ill which the government is now eliminating.

The bulk of published opinion on the controversy expressed opposition to the action of the MGSS. It was an opposition springing more from a desire to protect freedom of expression in the abstract than from a realization that hunger and misery are mass phenomena in Mexico, revolutionary achievements and reforms notwithstanding.

A high point in the formation of public reaction to the case against *Los Hijos de Sánchez* was the round-table discussion on March 4 at the National University. Organized to take

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place in an auditorium with space for 400, the debate attracted an audience of some 700 students, and yielded a significant insight into student opinion. Lone spokesman for the MGSS was its secretary, Luis Cataño Morlet. The society president, Sr. José Domingo Lavín, scheduled to appear, sent a last-minute message. Under the impression that Oscar Lewis would be present, Lavín refused to share the same platform with such a *delincuente* (roughly, lawbreaker).

The remarks of Cataño Morlet, calculated to appeal to well known anti-gringo sentiments of the university students, failed completely. When he stated that he would not quote defamatory passages from *Los Hijos de Sánchez* because there were women present, he was subjected to catcalls of derision. Attempting to illustrate how some Mexicans sacrifice national pride for U.S. dollars, he then asserted that the *braceros* who go north to work in Texas and California are lacking in patriotism. The response was laughter mixed with hoots of scorn. A student shouted, "They go because they're hungry," and received a round of applause.

Contrasting in intellectual tone were the comments of three spokesmen who defended publication of the book. Ricardo Pozas, anthropologist and university professor, while disagreeing with the Lewis methodology, praised the scope of his endeavor and called for new and more scientific works along the same lines. In one of the few references to subject matter, he asserted that there are population sectors in Mexico subsisting on a much lower economic level than that of the Sánchez family, and cited certain Indian groups. Rosario Castellanos, widely respected novelist, poet and literary critic, read a prepared text which discussed seriously the academic importance of freedom of speech and the press. The broad implications of her comments reflected the concern of many intellectuals. If the Lewis book were banned, the next attack might well be directed at many contemporary novels. In indirect but meaningful terms, the social and historical cast of the novels written by Carlos Fuentes, Juan Rulfo, Sergio Galindo and Rosario Castellanos herself frequently convey a more sweeping indictment of Mexican values and mores than the sharply focused work of Oscar Lewis.

Third speaker for the defense was Francisco López Cámara, professor in the university's School of Political Science. Aside from demolishing the logic, or absence thereof, in the arguments of Cataño Morlet, López Cámara read to the audience a notarized affidavit from a member of the actual Sánchez family. Lewis had been accused in the press both of exploiting the family financially and of distorting their statements. The affidavit, attesting to the author's good faith on both counts, helped dissolve a secondary but inflammatory argument which had made the rounds on the gossip levels.

Student response was overwhelmingly on the side of the free currency of ideas, and against false and emotional pseudo-patriotism. This example of maturity is worth noting, since the uniform image of the Latin American student in the U.S. press is precisely contrary.

On March 29, 1965, charges against Lewis and the publishers were thrown out of court, the attorney general's statement explicitly denying any "subversive" qualities in the book. A salutory precedent for freedom of the press in Mexico was established.

However, analysis of the currents underlying the case, and of the aftermath of this apparently clean-cut victory indicate many unresolved complexities.

At this writing, some eight months after the ruling, there has not been a third edition of *Los Hijos de Sánchez*. Also, it is now definite that the Fondo de Cultura Económica, a government-subsidized institution, will not publish the new edition. A private company, Editorial Joaquín Mortiz, has acquired the rights, thus permitting the government to avoid any further embarrassment.

A project to produce a motion picture based on the Lewis book lies still-

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born. In late 1962, plans were announced for the film by Carlo Ponti, the renowned Italian producer, who arrived in Mexico prepared for a major undertaking. Sophia Loren, his wife, was to play a leading role. Carlos Fuentes and Abby Mann were contracted to write the script. When first plans were submitted to the government, which approves all scripts, it became clear that a combination of resistance and bureaucratic entanglement implied a hopeless future. As of now, with producers, writers, technicians and actors scattered in four countries, chances of resuming production are minimal.

Finally, it remains to be seen whether *Pedro Martínez*, the most recent Lewis publication, will see the light of day in Spanish translation. Delving as it does into an example of poverty and frustration in rural Mexico, it touches an even more sensitive political nerve than did *The Children of Sánchez*. Most political observers agree that peasant dissatisfaction is the most grievous problem facing the "institutionalized revolution" today.

One significant question for interested Americans which must arise from a post-mortem analysis of the controversy is the following: if, in the most politically stable country in Latin America, the nation with the most solid achievements and traditions of reform, repression of ideas in the name of nationalism can gain such important support, what are the prospects for meaningful research and exchange of ideas in, say, Brazil, Argentina or Guatemala?

A second question is suggested by the nature of the victory itself. Young Mexican intellectuals apparently reject false new applications of a nationalism which in the past was constructive, but in the present is clearly ambivalent. Recognizing the revolution's validity as a historical phenomenon, they nevertheless scorn the most extreme of its current standard wavers.

Many of Mr. Lewis' most outspoken defenders (writers like Juan Rulfo, Carlos Fuentes, Salvador Novo, Rosario Castellanos; academicians such as Daniel Moreno, López Cámara, Emilio Uranga, Victor Flores Olea, Ricardo Pozas, Ramón de Ertze Garimendi, Henrique González Casanova; journalists including Rubén Salazar Mallén, Emmanuel Carballo, Roberto Blanco Moheno, Gastón García Cantú and Jaime García Terrés) are those in Mexico who have deep questions and criticisms concerning the role of the United States in Latin America. Are we as willing to hear and to publish their ideas as they have been to defend the right of a United States scholar to be published in Mexico?

Joseph Sommers, assistant professor of Romance Languages at the University of Washington, is spending a year studying the contemporary Mexican novel under a grant of the Social Science Research Council and the American Council of Learned Societies.

The Good Grief

DEATH, GRIEF AND MOURNING: A Study of Contemporary Society. By Geoffrey Gorer. Doubleday & Co. 205 pp. $4.50.

Jessica Mitford

In recent years the American death industries (to whose door we must all eventually beat a path) have cleverly invented a new and better mousetrap —the concept of "grief therapy." This phrase, with its plausible psychiatric overtones, is used to sell all manner of merchandise at fantastic markups. Grief therapy works like this: the finer and costlier the casket, the more therapeutic for the bereaved. The public "viewing" of the embalmed and restored corpse is a key part of the therapy. Funeral flowers, the florists tell us, are therapeutic. So are elaborate headstones and everlastingly secure vaults, say the monument makers and vault men.

To confer learned authority on these profitable contentions the National Funeral Directors Association has developed a stable of writers and lecturers with dubious titles like "pastoral psychologist" whose task it is to bolster the sagging image of the contemporary American funeral. I heard one of these tell an audience of Midwest college students that a person who is stingy in his purchase of a casket for a deceased relative is likely to be suffering from "anal-regressive tendencies." Books and pamphlets

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Jessica Mitford is the author of The American Way of Death *(Simon & Schuster) and* Daughters and Rebels *(Houghton Mifflin).*

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sponsored by the trade stress the same idea. Dr. Edgar N. Jackson, whose book *For the Living* was distributed free to 100,000 clergymen by the National Funeral Directors Association, says: "If we make any part of man's experience cheap we cheapen all the rest of it." To the charge that expensive funerals are a waste of money, he answers: "It is like saying that it is a waste of money for a bride to spend all that money on a beautiful white dress that she will never wear again."

Having waded through formidable stacks of similar nonsense while writing *The American Way of Death,* and having found very little in the way of scholarly discourse on bereavement, grief and mourning, I find Geoffrey Gorer's book particularly welcome. While I disagree with his conclusions, it is nevertheless the most thoughtful text I have seen on the subject, written in proper English rather than the jargon of sociology or the terrible lowest-common-denominator prose of the undertakers' grief therapists.

Mr. Gorer descries radical changes in English mourning customs over the last fifty years. He believes that the modern tendency to discard all mourning ritual, combined with English stiff-upper-lipism in the face of personal tragedy, is costing heavily in mental distress and maladaptive behavior of bereaved persons. In his preface to the American edition, he says: "The main theme of the book, the social denial and the individual repudiation of mourning is, I believe, as apposite to the majority of the inhabitants of the United States as it is to the majority of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom."

The chief difference, in fact, between death customs in the two countries seems to center on the funeral itself. "I found no analogue in Britain to the beautifying and rejuvenating of the corpse, and embalming still seems to be a very uncommon practice." Funeral costs in England (he says) are not a problem even to the very poor, those living on old-age pensions or National Assistance: "The display and expense of a 'lovely funeral' seem to be completely things of the past." Unlike in America, where the undertakers have arrogated to themselves the role of guide and counselor to the family in all that concerns the funeral, in England their role is minimal, and Mr. Gorer mentions them only in passing. He does, however, give a rather endearing description of two ex-nurses sent by the undertaker to lay out the body of his brother: "They imparted a somewhat Dickensian tone; they were fat and jolly, and asked in a respectful but cheerful tone, 'Where is the patient?' . . . I gave them a pound for their pains; the leader, pure Sarah Gamp, said 'That for us, duck? Cheers!' and went through the motions of raising a bottle and emptying it into her mouth."

The Gorer study is based on interviews with several hundred English people who had recently suffered a death in the family. They were closely questioned about their religious beliefs, the duration of their mourning and the forms it took, the effect of bereavement on their health, the behavior of friends and relations toward them during the period of mourning. Religious belief is on the wane in England; only 49 per cent of his sample believed in the afterlife. Of those who do, only the Orthodox Jews and Roman Catholics follow a specified ritual of mourning; Mr. Gorer (himself an atheist) is inclined to think that bereaved persons of these sects fare better because of the concentrated, overt mourning prescribed by traditions of their religion.

The most vivid and moving part of the book is Mr. Gorer's autobiographical introduction, in which he describes his own early experiences with death and mourning, and contrasts the customs as he recalls them fifty years ago with those of today.

In 1915, when he was 10 years old and away at prep school, his father was drowned in the sinking of the *Lusitania.* "I was treated with great kindness, but like an invalid; no demands were made on me, I was indulged, conversation was hushed in my presence." His mother came down to see him, "a tragic, almost frightening figure in the full panoply of widow's weeds and unrelieved black, a crepe veil shrouding her (when it was not lifted) so that she was visibly withdrawn from the world." She continued to wear mourning, modifying it at the proper calendrical moments by shortening the veil or adding a touch of white, for the customary two years: "It would have been unthinkable at that date for a respectable woman to do otherwise."

After World War I, English mourning customs underwent a radical change. Perhaps because all England was in mourning for the war dead, black arm bands and widow's weeds went out of fashion; no longer was the mourner distinguished and set apart by his clothing as a person in a special situation. When Mr. Gorer's brother died in 1961, the widow "did not wear black clothes nor ritualize her mourning in any way; she let herself be, almost literally, eaten up with grief, sinking into a deep and long-lasting depression." The attitude of family friends was one of embarrassed evasion. When Mr. Gorer declined an invitation to a cocktail party, explaining that he was in mourning, the response was "shocked embarrassment, as if I had voiced some appalling obscenity." The widow was treated as though she were a leper. "Only if she acted as though nothing of consequence had happened was she again socially acceptable."

The conclusions that Mr. Gorer draws from these experiences and from the extensive interviews seem to me to be farfetched and unsupported by his own research. For example, he links the campaigns against smoking and against nuclear war to a general tendency to deny the reality of death. To replace the vanished mourning customs of the early part of the century he suggests establishing a secular mourning ritual—something analogous to civil marriage. Such an effort to regiment the behavior of mourners with artificial

Prayer

Give me a death like Buddha's, let me fall
over from eating mushrooms provençal,
a peasant wine pouring down my shirt front,
my last request not a cry but a grunt;
kicking my heels to heaven, may I succumb
tumbling into a rose bush after a love
half my age. Though I'm deposed, my tomb
shall not be empty, may my belly show above
my coffin like a distant hill, my mourners come
as if to pass an hour in the country,
to see the green, that old anarchy.

Stanley Moss

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rules would surely be doomed to failure; no amount of invented ceremony would overcome the appalling mixture of embarrassment, false reticence and callousness that Mr. Gorer met with when his brother died.

Like American undertakers (although obviously not for their reasons) he seeks a solution in terms of ceremonial procedures and outward trappings. Yet one would expect that his experiences would lead him to the opposite view. Was the important element in his own mourning for his father the fact that his mother wore widow's weeds, or was it rather the compassionate attitude toward him of schoolmasters and schoolmates? Did his brother's widow suffer so bitterly because she did not wear black, or because her friends shunned her company? Do Orthodox Jews adjust better to bereavement because of the ritual shaving of heads and rending of clothes, or because their tradition encourages them to weep freely and includes the gathering of friends to help and comfort the grieving family?

From my own observation, individual reactions to a death in the family are as varied as human nature itself—and so are ideas of appropriate expressions of mourning. The latter can range all the way from elaborately ritualized religious services to throwing a bash in memory of the deceased. (I know one family that actually did this; and while it seemed awfully peculiar to me, they apparently found it comforting.)

Freedom of choice (not easily come by in America because of the stranglehold of undertakers on our funeral customs), flexibility, and above all the ordinary human kindness of friends would seem to be what is called for when there is a death in the family. For those inclined to this view I recommend Ernest Morgan's *Manual of Simple Burial*, obtainable from Celo Press, Burnsville, N.C.

No Man's Land

THE COLONIZER AND THE COLONIZED. By Albert Memmi. The Orion Press. 153 pp. $4.50.

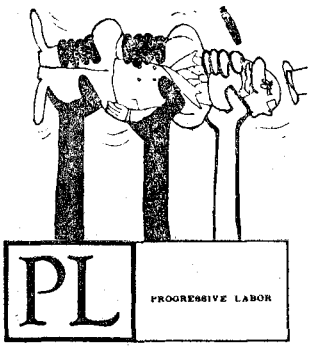
Paul F. Semonin

When Albert Memmi's *The Colonizer and the Colonized* first appeared in 1957 during the Algerian War, a number of French critics applauded the author's restraint. In the introduction Jean Paul Sartre classed the work among the "passionate geometries," for "its calm objectivity represents a transcendence of suffering and anger." Being a Tunisian-born Jew, Memmi belonged neither to the world of the colonizer nor to that of the colonized. He was, the critics felt, eminently qualified to diagnose the ills of colonial society objectively.

Memmi's "impartiality," more than the French are likely to admit, stems to a great extent from his experience with "assimilation," the liberal notion underlying what the French described as their "civilizing mission" in the colonies. As an "intellectual" Memmi was schooled in the universalist philosophy of the French democratic tradition. He felt most at ease in his early years with the philosophy professors in Tunis, the "colonizers of good will," as he calls them, who were among the chief propagators of the doctrine of assimilation. Eventually their political ineffectiveness became unacceptable to him. Writing about the period before the Algerian War, he says, "it became clear to me that a real life for a cultured man was impossible in North Africa at that time." The poverty of the colonized floated like an iceberg in the sea of democratic ideals, so Memmi had to explain to himself why the hope of "equality" and social justice through assimilation was in vain.

A note of regret lingers, therefore, when Memmi says his book was "born out of a reflection of an accepted failure." His motive for writing the book was admittedly very personal. "I undertook this inventory of conditions of colonized people mainly in order to understand myself and to identify my place in the society of other men." He makes the inventory, however, with the hand of a logician. The personal intensity yields quickly to a general tone reminiscent of the philosophers in Tunis. It is not a book of protest nor a search for solutions, Memmi assures us, but rather an "affidavit," not to be confused with the "'sentimental projections or demagogic deceits on which politicians too frequently rely." Why does the author choose to elevate

Paul F. Semonin received his M.A. at the University of Ghana and spent an additional year in French-speaking West Africa under a Ford Foundation fellowship.



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his argument to the plane of rational discourse? Who read legal briefs in the colonies? One finds the answer in Memmi's personal experience. His audience was not the fellah or even the revolutionary Arab intellectual but the "colonizer of good will," the original source of his regret.

Being stranded in the no man's land, between the colonizer and the colonized, Memmi's view of colonial society has a predictable symmetry. The plan is simply to "reproduce completely and authentically the portraits of the two protagonists of the colonial drama." He views the colonizer and the colonized as the two extremes, dialectically opposed, yet bound together by the perverse logic of the colonial situation. Contrary to the colonizer's wish, the racial order is rife with contradictions. The essential contradiction lies in the inability of the colonizer to eliminate the colonized. He can go only so far as to impoverish the colonized and subject him to racial contempt because, in the final analysis, the settler's own ego and well-being depend entirely on the subhuman existence of the colonized. "If the colonized is eliminated, the colony becomes a country like any other, and who then will be exploited?" In a country where extermination eliminated the "Indian problem" and assimilation of the Negro has failed, Memmi's point has impact.

The colonizer is portrayed as a Nero, the typical model of a usurper in Memmi's eyes. "Accepting the reality of being a colonizer means agreeing to be a non-legitimate, privileged person, that is, a usurper." In the colonizer's portrait Memmi touches other deviant types: the "leftist colonizer," for example, who rejects colonization but generally either leaves the colony or is cowed into silence by his powerlessness. His discussion of the European Left's response to the colonial situation, however, suffers from an excruciating brevity and a superficial grasp of doctrinal questions involved. The dominant features of the colonizer's portrait remain those of the *pied noir* or settler, whose mediocrity and racism set the tone of the colony and control the local power structure. "Racism sums up and symbolizes the fundamental relation which unites the colonialist and the colonized." A cycle of oppression and justification perpetuates the settler's racism. Poverty reinforces the image of inferiority in the eyes of both the colonizer and the colonized.

Memmi is projecting the perversity of this situation on to the conscience of the colonizer. "It is impossible for him," says Memmi, "not to be aware of the constant illegitimacy of his status." Surely Memmi exagerrates the moral consciousness of the colonizer but, more important, he fails to emphasize or analyze adequately the other forces underlying the colonizer's attitudes. The moral question of legitimacy prevails too easily over material circumstances. One feels Memmi has lost sight of the latter altogether when, speaking of the colonizer, he concludes: "But what privileges, what material advantages are worth the loss of his soul? In short, if the colonial adventure is seriously damaging for the colonized, it cannot but be unprofitable for the colonizer."

A certain deference to the colonizer persists too in Memmi's portrait of the colonized. He begins with a "mythical portrait of the colonized," the image of the lazy, irrational thief common to all racist ideology. Although Memmi debunks the colonizer's logic, an obsession with the negative image of the colonized thoroughly colors the portrait. "Everything in the colonized is deficient, and everything contributes to this deficiency." Or similarly, "the body and face of the colonized are not a pretty sight." He recalls stopping in a crowd of poor Tunisians: "I looked uneasily for a non-diseased glance on which to rest my own." One looks in vain for an image of their dignity. Memmi readily agrees that only revolt dignifies the colonized but he fails to develop a positive image of their refusal. The negative moment of revolt, says Memmi, gives birth to a mythical portrait too. The colonized becomes a xenophobe and racist himself while defending his own dignity. Like the colonizer, he accepts a Manichaean division of the world. "In order to witness the colonized's complete cure," Memmi says, "his alienation must completely cease. We must await the complete disappearance of colonization--including the period of revolt."

Ultimately, the symmetry of Memmi's analysis is misleading, for it underemphasizes the most essential aspect of colonialism. The portrait of the colonizer in Paris is missing from Memmi's gallery. Although he notes in passing that "the colonial privileges are a function of the Mother country and its citizens," there is no full portrayal of the French military, the colonial administrator or the metropolitan businessman. Colonialism, like segregation in the South, required the compliance of the liberal establishment or central government. Memmi's attitude toward the role of the French in colonization reveals the underlying weakness of his argument: "Let us put aside the problem of initial responsibility for colonization. Was it the result of capitalistic expansion or an accidental venture by voracious businessmen? In the final analysis, all that is not important. What does count is the present reality of colonization and the colonized." Anyone who tries to explain the colonial reality while eschewing capitalistic expansion certainly begs the question.

A wholesale criticism of Memmi's dubious "impartiality" or his indulgence of the "colonizer of good will" is unfair. The book was published at a critical moment during the Algerian conflict, when even a patronizing analysis of the situation was a blow to the colonialists. However, it comes to America eight years later, when the redneck white supremacist is on

Myth: Mantle

My brother I must prick my finger
every minute on these sticking needles
to make your coat; or you go forever
to live in the white bird.
But I am tired, and the whole coat
hurts my arms with its weight and sharpness
as it drags me, as I add
another stitch, collar, one arm done.
Why you're so big, when my arms ache,
I will never finish it. Or would you have,
would you like
one wing to half-fly sometimes, or sweep
the ground as you walk, one white
broad sweep or wing left, wouldn't you have that?
So not to forget it all.

Irene Schram

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the run and the bandwagon of the Great Society rolls through the South carrying everyone from priests to investigators. Memmi's views, therefore, are likely to be more popular than revealing. The American Negro is colonized, as the dedication of the American edition of Memmi's book tells us, but the dialectics of racial domination in this country now are far more complex than the geometry of his book suggests.

LETTER from POLAND

Maria Kuncewicz

One of the first long words that struck my ear in my father's house, when the century was as young as myself, sounded particularly odd: *païdocracy*. I asked him what it meant and, obviously embarrassed, he said, "Oh, it's when children imagine they can rule the country." The scene was Warsaw, 1905, the time of the Polish students' strike against the Russian-language school system imposed by the Czarist regime. My father, a teacher, went all the way with the movement till its eventual triumph over the enemy administration, but he felt uneasy about youth's being asked to shoulder political responsibilities.

The incident often comes back to me as the involvement of the present-day youth in world politics becomes more and more pronounced in the United States. During my long stay in Poland in 1964-65, I had many opportunities to speak to children in their classrooms, university students in their clubs, and my own young relations in their homes. And often it occurred to me that, were my father still alive, this time he would be embarrassed not so much by its problematic value, as by the total absence of *païdocracy* in his country.

Just as it had been when I reached school age, education now is Polish; what is more, it is free at all levels, with the state further helping the scholars by running hotels and cafeterias where they can live and eat at a nominal price. The society, however, in which they move, as well as the political sphere outside their immediate reach, remains full of conflict. Yet they do not seem eager to join in the adult world's antinomies and struggles.

This is a new development in Polish history: something the rebellious ancestors would contemplate with amazement and misgiving. All through the 19th century and well into the present one, Polish students fed their elders uncomfortable ideas and belligerent attitudes. Disregarding harassment and reprisals, they conspired, they plotted, they led processions and demonstrations in defense of various national and social causes. They fought desperate guerrilla wars against the forces of the three Imperial Majesties responsible for partition. Within the nation, they represented the spirit of protest and the taste for romantic pathos.

The part which Polish academic youth and the school boys and girls played during the Second World War, in the underground movement and the 1944 Warsaw rising, is recorded on too many gravestones. On All Souls' Day, year by year, flames flicker, kindled by mothers, as far as the eye can reach at the Powazki cemetery, and childish faces look at passers-by from photographs set into marble and granite and bearing the inscription: "So and so, a boy scout, a student, a girl guide, died gloriously for his or her country."

Against such a background I was surprised to hear a budding producer at the Warsaw School of Dramatic Art say: "You ask me what is the young generation's ambition in Poland now. It would be easier to tell what is *not* our ambition. We do not want to be heroes. Neither do we want to be sacrificial lambs. Look at the Danes. They specialize in butter, and are left alone. With no bang and a bit of luck, we might specialize in art." The fact that a young Pole should choose, for a comparison with his country, Denmark and not one of the great powers in Europe seems a tremendous departure from the mentality of the unrealistic youth of prewar days.

What is the reason for such a drastic change? Besides the natural weariness of the nation after the immense bloodshed and material ruin of World War II, I think that social revolution can be held responsible for the sober mood. Heroes, prophets and lambs of the past were mostly the offspring of the intelligentsia, a class of impoverished country gentlemen turned urbanites. Their philosophy, if any, was a mixture of romantic idealism and national vainglory. Today, schools are filled with the sons and daughters of workers and peasants whom a long tradition of poverty and degradation made impervious to illusion. Once the Communist state had assumed the role of defender of the Marxist faith, those boys and girls — as they profit by free schooling — seem to wash their hands of politics and doctrines. Let the adult politicians play the risky game; we want cars, intellectual cafés, television, hot jazz and sophisticated art, everything our elders could not enjoy in their miserable past.

Without being spiritless, this kind of attitude narrows the field of ambition almost completely to its economic aspects. I do not call it spiritless because, in modern life, economy engages so much scientific and artistic talent, and the young producer who dreams about Poland's specializing in the export of fine arts, also thinks in economic terms. The Chopin Competition held in Warsaw every five years is considered by the young to be an international market for pianists. The same applies to the annual festival, the Warsaw Autumn, which tends to become a showcase

Maria Kuncewicz is the editor of The Modern Polish Mind *(Little, Brown) and author of the novel,* The Olive Grove *(Walker & Co.). She is visiting professor of Polish Literature at the University of Chicago.*

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for *avant-garde* music. Film industry, architecture, the theatre, abstract painting, mathematics, sociology, etc., are so many tools of economic progress in the hands of the upcoming scientists and artists. Polish students are prepared to fight against censorship, the claustrophobia of party bureaucrats and the low standard of living, but the great moral ideals leave them cold—a disposition only slightly affected by the zeal of the Catholic intellectual elite as well as by a group of Communist humanitarians.

In Poznan, where I was asked to read some of my recent writings in a big university students' club, question time expanded into a three-hour conversation with an audience of some 200 young people. But the questions were aimed less at the secrets of a literary workshop than at my experience as teacher at the University of Chicago. America to them is the land of supreme technical achievement and fabulous wealth. They are curious about how such results can be achieved, what is a student's curriculum, and what makes him tick. They seem to go along with the American youth as far as the practical objectives are concerned, but as soon as I mentioned the Peace Corps, pacifism and the Rights of Man, they responded with incredulous smiles and condescending shrugs. "Americans have no historical sense" — a girl wound up the discussion.

This left me with the unsolved problem: which is worse, too much historic sense, which leads to skepticism where political means are used for moral betterment; or too little of it, where wealthy philanthropists are trying to help those who fight for a chance to help themselves. Since in Europe history was transformed into one endless lesson of cynicism, while in America public morality has been for too long a matter of hypocrisy, in both cases former generations seem equally at fault.

During a debate on romanticism, one of my Chicago students, a New Yorker, declared that he was not prepared to die for New York, but he would certainly die for the American way of life. Polish students are now averse to dying for any way of life, be it national, regional or Communist. They have simply ceased to believe that a way of life can be exported, enforced or defended against the evolutionary processes of time.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE COUNTRY WIFE

Shall we be grateful to the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center for having produced Wycherley's *The Country Wife* as its second offering of the season? I am rather inclined to think so, despite the heavy burden of the production's faults. For *The Country Wife* is a masterpiece, champagne of English late 17th-century jest.

Unless you were present in 1936 to see Ruth Gordon's performance in the comedy (I was not), or Julie Harris' in 1957, you could not have seen the play at all, for it is rarely given even in England. Ruth Gordon is said to have been delightful in the role of Mrs. Pinchwife, the lively and candid country girl happily seduced by Mr. Horner, a London rake who is the greater moral menace for having let it be rumored that he is impotent.

For all the excellence of the cast in which Julie Harris appeared with Laurence Harvey and Pamela Brown, that production failed to come alive. Nor does the present one at Lincoln Center. But somehow we do get a sense of the play's natural vigor beneath the shimmering surface. One is not often provoked to laughter—long sections of the play fall flat—but the audience is at least made aware of the reasons for laughter!

It is too early to say what the new company at the Lincoln Center can do well, but its failure with *The Country Wife* cannot be the subject for condemnation. The play's style is no easy one to capture even by an expert English company. While Wycherley's play undoubtedly mirrors the mode or essential tone of Restoration high society and is in that sense "realistic," its artistic character is hardly that. Not only was life itself a game among the fashionable folk under Charles II, but art—particularly the theatre—became a further refinement, a brittle stylization of what to begin with aspired to artifice. The Restoration stage was an exquisite falsification of a reality which aimed at the "false," the *unnatural*. Looking at the period drawings in the Repertory Theater program, one gets a vivid sense of the ideal projected by the court and courtesans of the time. The lewd postures and gestures of the figures are rendered as baroque arabesques in finery, foliage and anatomical fantasy more rarified than robust. It is as if participants in an orgy proposed to cut elegant patterns for a dainty etching of the occasion. It is a mixture of fun and finesse, sensuality whittled to a fine point of irony, high-spirited leer and depreciating grace. It is the metaphor of a haughtily smiling self-consciousness.

That is not at all in the vein of our day. Certainly it has no relation to the company which now plays *The Country Wife* at the Vivian Beaumont Theater, a company which may be called anything but airy or carefree. It is both too young and too old for such dispassionate frivolity. Accord with or practice in the Theatre of the Absurd is hardly preparation for the humors of Restoration licentiousness. That genre was glassily wicked; our counterparts are bitter and tormented, heavy with grim mockery.

So we get a production on West 65 Street which, because the text itself is informed with brilliant verve and is dramatically sturdy, has a few merry moments. The actors are sufficiently energetic; they pound away at all the points with enough intelligence, if not with ease, for all of the play to be heard and, at least theoretically, appreciated. It is wide of the mark to say that they do not speak well; their spirit, not to mention their skill, is alien to the material. Yet I venture to suggest with some trepidation that if you have

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never seen the play you may still take pleasure in seeing it now—you are not likely to have another opportunity for a long time to come.

All this raises important questions: should such a company choose to do this play in view of its technical and environmental lack of aptitude for it? What sort of plays should a repertory theatre, housed as lavishly and auspiciously as the one at Lincoln Center, produce? There is a trend of opinion in certain critical circles which would unhesitatingly respond — "masterpieces!" Masterpieces of dramatic literature of which *The Country Wife* is no doubt an example. But this answer—like its more modest (and ambiguous) equivalent, "good plays"—seems to me to take little account of the theatre's special nature. The theatre is not a vehicle for the delivery of fine literature; it is the art of making meaning from the concordance of text, actors and audience at a particular time and place. When such a fortunate conjunction occurs a lesser text often will possess richer substance than a masterpiece done at the wrong time and/or place by the wrong group of people for the wrong audience.

These crucial considerations constitute a problem I hope to probe when the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center has completed its first season!

FILMS

Howard Junker

THE UNDERGROUND RENAISSANCE

With the advent of discotheques and drag Superstars, with the hyper-publicizing of Camp, the glamour of Underground Cinema, at least for the poor little rich girls and their magazines—and even for most film people—faded. The *avant-garde* is always a tough row to hoe: how long could it have been fun to trek around downtown, following the film makers in their bedraggled search for the Promised Land? How many ill-conceived, half-baked, technically incompetent, faggoty, poetic films can anyone see before announcing: "I've made that scene. And never mind about the art form of the age."

The Underground, which can be dated from the founding of *Film Culture* ten years ago, or from the exposition of New American Cinema at Spoleto five years ago, has produced a little good work and a few substantial directors: Kenneth Anger, Stan Brakhage, Robert Breer, Bruce Connor, the brothers Kuchar, Jonas Mekas, Jack Smith, Stan Vanderbeek, Andy Warhol and a few others, including Gregory J. Markopolous, who does not consider himself Underground.

Yet, as Pauline Kael said with such grace: "The underground cinema is largely a fabrication of publicity . . . parodies of Maria Montez movies, Andy Warhol spoofs of experimentation and variants of exploitation films."

The Museum of Modern Art, under the progressive leadership of the new Film Libary head, Willard Van Dyke, offered a weeklong exhibition of underground classics last month. However, the tone of the museum's seminar on the Underground matched Miss Kael's for pious disapproval of the dimly perceived. Judith Crist and Susan Sontag scratched at each other and alternately faint-praised and belittled the Underground. Robert Osborn, cartoonist, said he had seen more exciting stuff in Paris decades ago.

Osborn's comment is almost perceptive. Independent films have changed so little in the past forty years because film makers are, literally, still working in the silent era. Sound equipment rents for $100 a day; a moviola costs $12 a day. Plus lighting, processing, sound transfer, mixing, and so on. A rule of thumb for industrial film production figures a budget at $1,000 per minute of finished film. So that even with foundation grants of as much as $10,000—the sum the Ford Foundation gave to each of twelve film makers last year—sound is barely feasible. As a consequence, the most exciting Underground work is done in animation, frame by frame, no crew, little unused footage. Live-action film poems have moments in the Underground, but cutting and photography, except for Ed Emshwiller, are not Underground strong points. At one stage, Andy Warhol had developed the perfect solution to the Underground dilemma by never moving his camera, never cutting—that is, Warhol made the most of the most primitive conditions: he did as little as possible.

If the Underground film makers have thus made a virtue of technical incompetence, who can blame them? "Any sophomore with a pencil," says one Undergrounder, explaining why we must be patient, "can write poetry. Some day everyone will learn to express themselves with a camera. But it may take a hundred years or so!"

In the meantime, enter John Brockman, who has managed the Underground headquarters, the Filmmakers' Cinematheque, for the past three months. Brockman may be the only entrepreneur now on the art scene with a master's degree in business from Columbia. His father, a proper Bostonian, once cornered the New England gladiolus market, and Brockman *fils* in his three-piece suit and wing-tipped shoes looks like nothing so much as the Underground's answer to Joseph Levine. Brockman was once assistant china buyer at Bloomingdale's and is still involved in A and B Leasing Corporation, which arranges cash-flow deals for rich people. He is involved in the Underground because it is an enterprise, an opportunity, a chance to wheel and deal and make something work. And after all proper credit is given to Jonas Mekas, who has fought for and led the Underground

Howard Junker is a free-lance writer.

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all these many years, whatever the new renaissance brings—and there's a chance of big money from you know where—it will be in large part due to the opportunistic arrival of Brockman.

In Brockman, for the first time, the Underground is represented and organized by someone with business sense. He has tried to eliminate bohemian sloppiness, clubhouse paranoia and *avant-garde* incest. Shows at the Cinematheque now start on time. They are properly projected. Film makers are admitted free, but everyone else must have a Cinematheque membership or pay. The press is kept well informed. And a new, one hopes permanent home, one which is truly underground, has been found at 120 West 41 Street in New York. It is convenient, neat and comfortable. Even the lobby soft-drink machines work.

Further, Brockman has already earned a page in cinema history by explaining that the Underground film makers are not, after all, making movies. Whereas Mekas has consistently refused to acknowledge the constraints of necessity, Brockman says, straight out: "The Underground film makers are artists. And they happen to use film. But they are not even trying to duplicate Hollywood. Film is just the most appropriate medium for what they want to say."

Brockman documented his understanding of the new possibilities with the November-long Expanded Cinema Festival which featured a couple dozen experiments with multiple projections and with film-plus-live-action. Of the pieces of expanded cinema that I saw, the following remain with me (experiments can never be adequately described; as spectacles they are frequently boring even when their ideas are intriguing):

¶ Nam June Paik's manipulation of the video image on a dozen old TV sets. Paik changes internal circuitry and uses magnets to roll up the image, press it into a single line, invert it, shimmer it, make it go negative.

¶ Don Snyder's psychedelic film-plus-slide show which beamed sometimes hallucinogenic, sometimes "optical" images onto a translucent net screen in front of a screen wall made of whitewashed cardboard boxes which black vinyl clad dancers built and dismantled, sometimes waving the boxes to catch and disperse the images. All this was in front of a shredded or venetian-blind screen. Many levels; very beautiful.

¶ Arthur Sainer's film-loop which, in hyphenated form, showed action which was spelled out in greater, if not complete, lucidity by actors and a dancer on stage. This idea of a double level, of film-mimicking stage action, is around in plenty. Some day, as Robert Edmond Jones suggested in 1941, a director will use film to display the unconscious background to what will be played out, normal style, on stage.

¶ Standish Lawder, an art instructor at Yale, used slide-sandwiches filled with paint, plus Unguentine, butter, lipstick, which melted under the heat of the projector, causing the colors to run, burble, pop. Very biological.

¶ Stan Vanderbeek, now on a junket to a Berlin cine-seminar with Amos Vogel, Shirley Clarke, Brakhage and Carmen D'Avino, is still working on his movie-drome or planetarium theatre in which he will present a multiple-projection image-bath. At the festival, Vanderbeek had people carrying portable 8 mm movie boxes, flipping the image wherever they wanted.

¶ Aldo Tambellini projected fantastic slides onto a balloon which was slowly inflated, bobbing and tossing the image around, until, at about 6 feet in diameter, it burst.

¶ USCO (see *The Nation*, July 5) used several slide and film projectors, strobe light, diffraction hexes in a psychedelic/McLuhan manner to achieve an image-deluge, an enormous number of images to look at all at once.

¶ Andy Warhol, who showed a single-screen film, made this statement: "Everyone is being so creative for this festival that I thought I would just show a bad movie. The camera work is so bad, the lighting is awful, the technical work is terrible—but the people are fantastic." The cast included: Baby Jane Holzer, Mario Montez, Mar-Mar, Jack Smith (who had a presentation of his own that I didn't see), Donyle and Gerard Malanga.

¶ Robert Rauschenberg offered a happening which included a film-mimics-live-dancer piece and a marvelous piece of electronic music—two men walked around with their feet in old tires smashing against and upon a bed spring wired for sound. Very Cagey.

¶ Robert Whitman covered a girl clad in white with a same-size film image, against a background screen covered with another image. The film-image girl matched the real girl perfectly, so the reality was blended and multiplied. When the film image was that of a nude girl, it was hard to believe your eyes. This piece and Snyder's were the best of the festival.

Just as the festival was ending, who should appear but Murray the K and Michael Myerberg, the producer. Looking for ideas! It seems that *Michael Myerberg presents Murray the K's New World* will open sometime this spring at Roosevelt Field. And this total-theatre-discotheque will have top talent plus at least nineteen screens for film and slides and closed circuit, and several other media. Murray the K counts five altogether.

So this is what's happening—the expanded cinema. Even the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts library has a multi-screen film wall. Even N.B.C. has tried split-screen video for the Gemini launch/football game. And just wait until Montreal's Expo '67. Francis Thompson of the Johnson's Wax film, Disney, the National Film Board of Canada etc., are busy preparing cinema dreams.

Single-screen movies are well and good, but the art form of the age is something else. Too much is happening; we have too great a data-processing capability, for the single image to monopolize our eye. We need something bigger, more complex, more satisfying to the total sensorium. And whatever stimulation the Expanded Cinema Festival may have given the Underground, it also pointed the way to the spectacle of the future.

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